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ARTIFICIAL CLOUD-MAKING AT THE R.A.F. AERIAL PAGEANT: "R 33" HIDDEN BY A PICTURESQUE SMOKE-SCREEN DROPPED FROM A HANDLEY-PAGE.

One of the most startling and beautiful of the varied "stunts" in the Royal Air Force Pageant at Hendon was the artificial cloud-screen created by a Handley-Page machine. On another page of this issue, photographs will be found of other events in the show, at which the King and Queen were present. In a note accompanying the above drawing, the artist, Mr. W. W. Lendon, writes: "The stolid Handley-Page was forging slowly ahead, when, from about

a hundred feet below it, there was a shattering explosion, and, gradually swelling upward from the centre of the burst, a beautiful cumulus cloud appeared. From it a million rain-streams of pale fire descended in an umbrella shape. Behind the cloud the great form of the 'R 33' disappeared quickly from view, and was soon completely obliterated by the smoke." As at Epsom and Ascot, the "R 33" hovered over the vicinity to assist the police in directing traffic.

DRAWN BY W. W. LENDON. COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THERE is a sort of light and superficial controversy still going on everywhere about the modern girl, as about the new woman who is now not so new as she was. And it is commonly said, in the same spirit and connection, that the modern girl is really (if we may be allowed the familiarity) an old girl. Perhaps the flapper is addressed by her friends as an "old bean," in real recognition of the venerable antiquity of the bean; as implying that she is a prehistoric bean dropped from the giant bean-stalk of primitive folk-lore. Perhaps the more singular expression "old scream" (which has also fallen on my ears) is also meant to suggest the weary and world-old monotony of that particular sort of screaming; the old scream that has come out of the dens of savages, not to mention the forests of monkeys; and which is heard again in dying and corrupt civilisations like a voice of doom. Anyhow, there is here clearly a case to be studied by a philologist who is also a philosopher. It would be interesting to enquire why the particular people who specially claim to be new cannot get on for five minutes without calling each other old. Surely the critic may be content to strike the exact note which the young lady adds to the social harmony, in the simple and unaffected word "scream," without harshly reminding her that she is not the first person who has screamed in human history, and that, as there were strong men before Agamemnon, so there were loud screamers before Cassandra. But there is a point more interesting than this merely verbal one: that the term of antiquity is used not only as a compliment, but as a defence. People are beginning to see through the mere cant of progress—the notion that any novelty must be promising, when it may, in fact, be merely threatening. The wiser defenders of the modern girl, and her most modern ways, are defending them not because they are modern, but because they are ancient. They point out, and so far at least very truly, that there has always been some form of this quarrel between the old generation and the new. They point out that the rising generation probably began knocking at the doors as soon as there were any doors to knock at. Even before that, they were doubtless cursed for crowding in an unmannerly fashion into the cave. Thus, while a vaguer sort of progressive, such as Mr. Edward Cecil, is talking of the flapper as one flapping abroad the banner of a younger and better world, a shrewder and more observant sort of progressive, such as Mr. St. John Ervine, is pointing out that the most audacious of the new dresses may be found in the old fashion-plates. In short, the more philosophic partisan of the rising generation is rather taking up the old burden that girls will be girls, as boys will be boys, that we cannot put old heads on young shoulders, and that there is nothing new under the sun, least of all novelty.

But this point is part of a general historical principle, about which we should be clearer than we are, and about which there is something more to be said. If anybody seriously alleges a social decay, it is not sufficient to answer that the elements there alleged to be exaggerated can everywhere be discovered. Societies have decayed, and social causes can be reasonably adduced for the decay. Yet in no case could the new corruption be called a new cause, in the sense of never having appeared at all in more normal times. Suppose we think, as some do, that Athens fell through faction, through party passions in internal politics indifferent to dignity and defence. A man denying the decline could always have said with truth that in every age there had been parties, and always would be parties wherever there were people. Suppose, on the other hand, we think, as others do, that Athens fell through the impatient imperialism of the Syracusan expedition; as the great Thucydides himself said, through "Empire pursued for covetousness and ambition." A man denying the

essential and the most difficult thing; especially as proportion is mostly overlooked in modern thought; and an enlightened world has abandoned the mediæval conception of common sense in favour of a modern conception which may more properly be called uncommon nonsense.

The real peculiarity of the present transition, I think, might be put rather crudely thus. A generation is now growing old, which never had anything to say for itself except that it was young. It was the first progressive generation—the first generation that believed in progress and nothing else. It covered a period roughly corresponding to the life of Mr. Bernard Shaw. Mr. Shaw is too great a man not to have been misunderstood by his admirers; but, whatever Mr. Shaw taught, there can be little doubt about what most of the admirers learnt. It was simply that the new thing is always better than the old thing; that the young man is always right and the old man wrong. And now that they are old men themselves, they have

naturally nothing whatever to say or do. Their only business in life was to be the rising generation knocking at the door. Now that they have got into the house, and have been accorded the seat of honour by the hearth, they have completely forgotten why they wanted to come in. The aged younger generation never knew why it knocked at the door; and the truth is that it only knocked at the door because it was shut. It had nothing to say; it had no message; it had no convictions to impart to anybody. Now that it has grown old in its turn, it cannot influence its children; not because it does not beat them or bully them or send them to bed, but simply because it has nothing to tell them. The old generation of rebels was purely negative in its rebellion, and cannot give the new generation of rebels anything positive against which it should not rebel. It is not that the old man cannot convince young people that he is right; it is that he cannot even convince them that he is convinced. And he is not convinced; for he never had any conviction except that he was young; and that is not a conviction that strengthens with years. What we see, in short, is not the first tearing triumph of revolutionary children. It is the first great failure of revolutionary parents. It is the collapse of scepticism in the seat of authority. This is what explains the point which puzzles many: that whereas the old revolt of the daughters (against people who believed something, however stupid) gained from the mere fight a certain impetus of indignation, the revolt of the grand-daughters strikes so many people as merely cynical, frivolous and empty. I think the cases of this are fewer than the critics suppose, but where there does exist the case, I am certain that this is the cause.



MEN WHO ARE SHAPING THE EMPIRE'S WORLD POLICY: PREMIERS AND OTHER MEMBERS OF THE IMPERIAL CONFERENCE AT NO. 10, DOWNING STREET.

In the front row (from left to right) are Mr. Montagu, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Srinivasa-Sastri, Mr. Massey (New Zealand), Mr. Meighen (Canada), Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Hughes (Australia), General Smuts (South Africa), the Marquess Curzon of Kedleston, and the Maharao of Cutch. In the second row: Mr. Bajpai, Mr. G. H. Shakespeare, Mr. F. D. Thomson, Colonel S. H. Wilson, Sir M. Hankey, Hon. C. C. Ballantyne, Lord Lee of Fareham, Colonel H. Mentz, Sir L. W. Evans, Captain F. E. Guest, Sir E. Grigg, Sir Thomas Smart, Mr. A. J. Sylvester. Standing at the back: Sir H. Lambert, Mr. P. E. Deane, Captain G. Brebner, Captain Armstrong, and Mr. L. C. Christie.—[Photograph by Central News.]

danger could always have said that there had been covetousness in every age and ambition in every age, and would be so long as men were men. If Byzantium declined through stiffness and etiquette, men could always say that etiquette was an old joke against every court in the world; if India of the Moguls became impotent through anarchy, men could always say that no great Empire had ever closed the gates of Janus. In short, the question is one of proportion; or, in other words, of commonsense. If a man opens a dyke and destroys everything in a deluge, he cannot plead that the sea-bathing at Brighton proves that men have always been amphibious; and if he burns down the town, he cannot defend himself by denying that he invented fire. It is a question of the proportion and not the presence of certain forces; of the exaggeration and not the existence of certain follies.

Now, I do not myself believe that the actual changes involve anything on the scale of a deluge or a destructive fire; nor do I believe that they can be dismissed as anything quite so meaningless and recurrent as the change from an old fashion-plate to a new one. The determining of the degree is here at once the most

A FATEFUL HOUR IN IRISH HISTORY: UNIONISTS MEET SINN FEIN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL AND L.N.A.



WILLING TO MEET MR. DE VALERA IN LONDON: THE MEMBERS OF THE ULSTER CABINET.



SUPPOSED TO BE INTENDED FOR SINN FEIN, BUT CAPTURED IN NEW YORK: SOME 500 SUB-MACHINE GUNS.



ARRIVING FOR "THE INFORMAL CONFERENCE CALLED BY PRESIDENT DE VALERA": LORD MIDLETON.



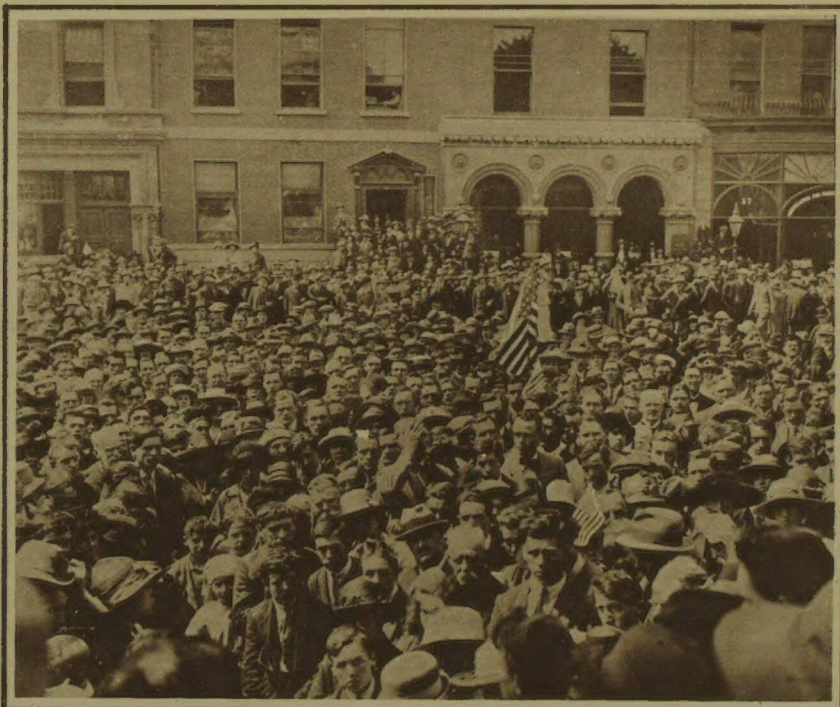
SHOWING MR. DE VALERA (LEFT) AND THE LORD MAYOR OF DUBLIN IN THE BACKGROUND: ENTHUSIASM AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE TOWN HALL.



INTERESTED SPECTATORS OF THE HISTORIC CONFERENCE: MME. MAUD MCBRIDE AND MR. CLAUDE CHAVESSI.



ONE OF THE UNIONIST REPRESENTATIVES AT THE CONFERENCE: SIR MAURICE DOCKRELL, M.P.



WITH THE STARS AND STRIPES IN EVIDENCE: THE CROWD OUTSIDE DUBLIN TOWN HALL DURING THE CONFERENCE.



ANOTHER OF THE UNIONIST REPRESENTATIVES AT THE CONFERENCE: SIR R. WOODS, M.P.

The past week has been a fateful one in the history of Ireland. Our top left-hand picture shows the new Ulster Cabinet. Reading from left to right they are: Sir Dawson Bates (Home Sec.), the Marquess of Londonderry (Education), Sir James Craig (Prime Minister), Mr. H. M. Pollock (Finance), Mr. E. M. Archdale (Agriculture), and Mr. J. M. Andrews (Labour), all of whom, with the exception of Sir D. Bates, intend to be present if a meeting is arranged with Mr. de Valera in London. The picture on the right shows some of the 500 sub-machine guns, each capable of firing 200 shots a minute, which were seized by the Customs

in New York on the eve of their despatch to Ireland. The remaining photographs are of personalities at the momentous meeting in Dublin, between prominent Sinn Feiners and Unionists, to discuss Mr. Lloyd George's proposals for a London conference. Huge crowds stood all day outside the Dublin Mansion House, where the Conference was being held. The Lord Mayor of Dublin described the meeting as one of the most momentous and delicate that had ever been held in the country, and added: "I have great hopes that a great deal of good will come out of it."

A NOTABLE 'VARSITY MATCH: STRONG OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE TEAMS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GILLMAN (OXFORD) AND STEARN (CAMBRIDGE).



OXFORD v. CAMBRIDGE—1921.

By MAJOR R. O. EDWARDS.

THIS year the visit of the Australians has largely decreased the interest in the 'Varsity match, and it is a thousand pities that the fixture was permitted to clash with the third Test Match at Leeds. Nevertheless, the two elevens were again, as last year, exceptionally powerful, with G. T. S. Stevens, D. R. Jardine, and R. H. Bettington playing for Oxford, and the brothers Ashton, A. P. F. Chapman, C. H. Gibson, C. S. Marriott, and the Rugbeian, J. L. Bryan, for Cambridge.

If anything, the Light Blues were slight favourites, having a better record, and possessing, perhaps, more attractive batsmen. They had won eight out of eleven matches, and Oxford five out of ten. There was not a pin to choose between the sides in the matter of fielding, both being brilliant in the extreme. As regards bowling, at a casual glance one might sum it up as mediocre. But it has been an abnormal summer, with fast, easy wickets.

The Oxford captain and Rugger Blue, V. R. Price, is a fast bowler of moderate class. Originally a medium-pace bowler, with a free delivery and deceptive flight, Price was often dangerous in 1919. Suddenly he took to sacrificing his old style for sheer pace, and his length suffered in consequence. We believe the idea was that, it being imperative to have a fast bowler at Lord's, and no other man available in 1919, Price was speeded up. If this be true, it was short-sighted policy, even folly, for Price possessed possibilities in his own line of business, which have never developed since he altered his method of attack. R. C. Robertson-Glasgow is a medium-pace bowler of

much promise, with a run nearly as long as that of N. A. Knox. R. H. Bettington and G. T. S. Stevens are dangerous bowlers.

D. R. Jardine, R. L. Holdsworth, A. F. Bickmore, L. P. Hedges, H. P. Ward, W. G. Lowndes, and Stevens are all batsmen most difficult to dislodge. Indeed, Oxford have no tail, for the remaining members of the eleven are all good for runs. Even Robertson-Glasgow, the Carthusian, went in first for his school. The best of the bunch on form is Jardine. His father had the unique distinction of bagging a "pair" in his first 'Varsity match, but made 140 in his last, which was in 1892. Jardine is much freer than last year, and his defence is sure. It is quite on the cards that he will soon be asked to represent his country.

Holdsworth, of Repton, has a beautiful style, and shortness of stature is no handicap to him. He gets well over the ball, and is a rapid scorer when set. Hedges is a splendid cover, and a batsman whose purpose is to make runs from the moment he reaches the crease. He is particularly strong on the leg side, and his wonderful innings last year against Yorkshire at Maidstone was brimful of boundaries past the square-leg umpire. The writer was once placed by Johnnie Douglas a few feet from his bat on the leg side for an over or two. Then Hedges got to work, and, to avoid an inquest, one prayed to be excused, and received a laughing permission to drop back. Hedges got over 150 that day and pulled Douglas all round the square-leg boundary.

Ward is another batsman who does not waste much time in playing himself in. He can also keep wicket above the average, and, but for Neser, who simply could not be left out, would have "kept" for Oxford this year.

A. F. Bickmore and W. G. Lowndes are both dependable batsmen, and the former is a magnificent fieldsman in the country.

Cambridge have four grand free-scoring batsmen in Gilbert, Hubert and C. T. Ashton, and A. P. F. Chapman. All four are superb in the field. Twice before have three brothers appeared for their University in the same year. In 1849, C. H. W., and A. Ridding, like the Ashtons Wykehamists, played for Oxford, and in 1882, G. B., C. T., and J. E. K. Studd for Cambridge.

Hubert Ashton made the first hundred scored against the Australians in this year of grace, and is another England "probable." So, too, is Percy Chapman. This tall, left-handed, unorthodox batsman is sheer delight to watch, not only batting, but in the field.

Another fine batsman is J. L. Bryan, who goes in first, and adds to his usefulness by being left-handed. It was a rare struggle between C. A. Fiddian-Green and G. O. Shelmerdine for the twelfth place, the Warwickshire man eventually getting in, and deservedly. He bats in perfect style, playing very straight, with many delightful strokes.

The Cambridge bowling this year had more variety than last, C. S. Marriott and C. H. Gibson being reinforced by R. G. Evans, fast, and A. G. Daggart, medium. Marriott is perhaps the best bowler in either eleven. Gibson, the Etonian, bowls both swingers and dips. He himself never knows which way the ball is going to swing. No less an authority than A. C. Maclaren has the highest opinion of his ability. M. D. Lyon is a reliable rather than a brilliant wicket-keeper. He is hardly of the same class as Neser, but is a better batsman.



The eighty-third Oxford and Cambridge cricket match began at Lord's on July 4. Cambridge went in first, and at the end of the day had made 415 for 8 wickets, Mr. H. Ashton contributing 118. On this page the Oxford eleven are shown at the top and the Cambridge men below. Among the public schools represented in the teams, Eton claims Mr. W. G. Lowndes (Oxf.) and Mr. C. H. Gibson

(Cam.); Winchester, the three brothers Ashton (C.) and Mr. D. R. Jardine (O.); Charterhouse, Mr. R. C. Robertson-Glasgow (O.); Rugby, Mr. J. L. Bryan and Mr. M. D. Lyon (C.); Uppingham, Mr. A. P. F. Chapman (C.); Repton, Mr. R. L. Holdsworth (O.); Shrewsbury, Mr. H. P. Ward (O.); Clifton, Mr. A. F. Bickmore (O.); and Tonbridge, Mr. L. P. Hedges (O.).

EVENTS OF THE WEEK: RECENT HAPPENINGS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROL, P.P.P., SPORT AND GENERAL, C.N., AND TOPICAL.



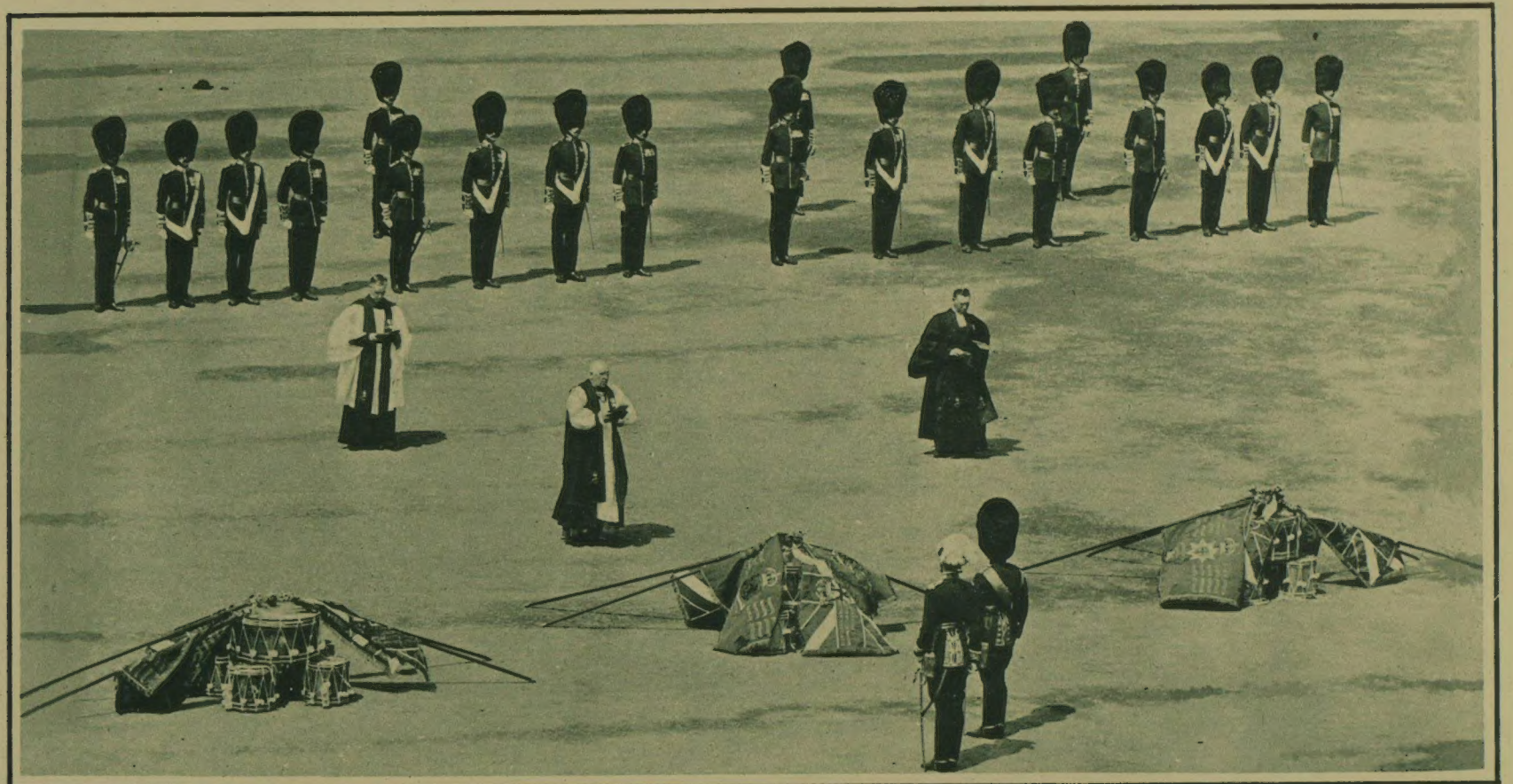
A GERMAN OFFICER TRIED AT LEIPZIG ON A CHARGE OF SHOOTING FRENCH PRISONERS: MAJOR CRUSIUS.



THE "CROSS OF SACRIFICE" AND THE "SWORD OF DEVOTION": A MEMORIAL TO SOME OF CANADA'S 50,000 DEAD UNVEILED AT THELUS, NEAR VIMY.



TRIED AT LEIPZIG ON A CHARGE (EVENTUALLY DROPPED) OF ORDERING PRISONERS TO BE SHOT: GEN. STENGER.



"EMBLEMS OF THEIR ALLEGIANCE": THE GUARDS' NEW COLOURS, PRESENTED BY THE KING, BEING BLESSED BY THE CHAPLAIN-GENERAL BEFORE HIS MAJESTY (ON THE RIGHT IN THE FOREGROUND.)



THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE VILLAVIEJA CUP POLO MATCH: GREETING OTHER PLAYERS.



THE KING AT THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SHOW, WHERE HE TOOK SEVERAL PRIZES: HIS MAJESTY AT DERBY.



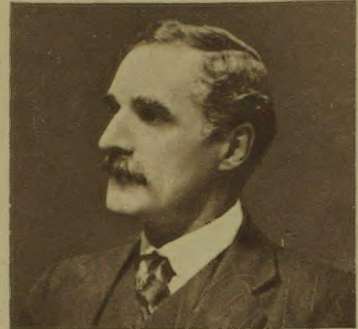
THE PRINCE AS POLO-PLAYER: H.R.H. SCORING A GOAL FOR THE JUNIORS AGAINST THE VETERANS.

A new series of trials of German officers accused of war crimes, at the instance of France, began at Leipzig on June 29. The first case was that against General Stenger and Major Crusius. General Stenger was accused of having given an order, in August 1914, to take no prisoners and to kill all Frenchmen encountered behind the German front. Major Crusius was accused of having acted on the order and passed it on to subordinates. The Public Prosecutor dropped the charge against Gen. Stenger.—A Great War Cross in memory of fallen Canadian soldiers was unveiled on July 3, by Mr. Meighen, Premier of Canada, in the Thelus Cemetery, near Vimy. Among those present was Colonel Dick-Cunyngham, commanding

the British troops in France.—The annual polo match for the Villavieja Century Challenge Cup, not played since 1913, was revived at Hurlingham on July 4. The Prince of Wales played for the Juniors, a team whose ages must total under 100 years, against the Veterans, totalling over 200 years. The Juniors won by 12 goals to 6.—The King visited the Royal Agricultural Show at Derby on June 29.—His Majesty, as Colonel-in-Chief of the Brigade of Guards, presented new colours to each battalion of the Grenadier, Coldstream, and Scots Guards, on the Horse Guards' Parade, on July 3. The colours were blessed by Bishop Taylor Smith, the Chaplain-General.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAFAYETTE, ELLIOTT AND FRY, TOPICAL, HUGH CECIL, CENTRAL NEWS, AND ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.

ENVOY FOR DE VALERA:
MRS. SKEFFINGTON.SHACKLETON'S SECOND-IN-
COMMAND: CMMDR. WILD.LEADER OF THE ANTARCTIC EX-
PEDITION: SIR E. SHACKLETON.ON SHACKLETON'S STAFF:
CMMDR. F. WORSLEY.THE LATE LADY RANDOLPH
CHURCHILL.THE NEW HEADMASTER OF
RUGBY: MR. W. W. VAUGHAN.AT THE CONFERENCE WITH SINN
FEIN: LORD MIDLETON.RELEASED FOR THE CONFERENCE:
MR. ARTHUR GRIFFITHS, M.P.RELEASED FOR THE CONFERENCE:
PROF. J. MACNEILL, M.P.BEATING THE CHAMPIONSHIP POLE JUMP AT THE A.A.A. MEETING
AT CHELSEA: MR. E. RYDBERG (SWEDEN), WHO JUMPED 12 FT. 2½ IN.BOTH BEATING THE BRITISH AMATEUR MILE RECORD IN THE A.A.A.
CHAMPIONSHIPS—MR. A. G. HILL (WINNER) AND MR. H. B. STALLARD.RETIRING FROM THE BRITISH
MUSEUM: SIR HERCULES READ.BROTHER OF A FAMOUS PRE-
MIER: THE LATE LORD CECIL.THE CHAIRMAN OF THE L.N.W.R.
DEAD: SIR G. CLAUGHTON, BT.WINNER OF THE BIG FIGHT:
JACK DEMPSEY.

Sir Ernest Shackleton, the famous South Pole explorer, is leaving with another Expedition in August for the Antarctic. He will be accompanied by men who have been with him before in similar adventures. His second-in-command will be Commander Frank Wild, C.B., who was with Scott in the "Discovery," Shackleton in the "Nimrod," Mawson in the "Aurora," and with Shackleton in the "Endurance." He served with Shackleton in the North Russian Force in the war. Commander F. Worsley, D.S.O., R.N.R., was captain of the "Endurance." During the war he commanded a "P" boat.—The new Headmaster of Rugby, Mr. William Wyamar Vaughan, M.V.O., was educated at Rugby and New College, Oxford. He was for fourteen years an assistant master

at Clifton College, and from 1904-1910 Headmaster of Giggleswick School.—In the Amateur Athletic Association Championship Meeting at Chelsea, the One Mile produced a race in which both the first and second men beat the British amateur record. Mr. A. G. Hill, of the Polytechnic Harriers, won the Mile in 4 min. 13.4-5 sec. He was challenged repeatedly during the latter half of the race by H. B. Stallard, of Cambridge University, who, after a desperate finish, was only just beaten, Stallard's time being 4 min. 14.1-5 sec. The old figures are J. Binks's 4 min. 16.4-5 sec. created in 1902.—Sir Hercules Read, Keeper of British and Mediaeval Antiquities at the British Museum, has retired after 47 years' service.

ENGLAND'S WELCOME TO KING ALBERT: HIS FIRST STATE VISIT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY L.N.A., SPORT AND GENERAL, TOM AITKEN, PHOTOPRESS, AND I.B.



HOLDING A RECEPTION ON THE QUAY AT DOVER: THE KING OF THE BELGIANS, WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES BEHIND HIM (ON THE LEFT).



IN THE NEW FULL-DRESS UNIFORM OF THE R.A.F., WHICH HE WORE AT THE ARRIVAL OF KING ALBERT: THE DUKE OF YORK.



DRIVING WITH QUEEN MARY THROUGH THE STREETS OF LONDON: THE QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS.



DRIVING WITH KING GEORGE THROUGH THE STREETS OF LONDON: THE KING OF THE BELGIANS.



GREETED BY CHEERING CROWDS: KING ALBERT AND KING GEORGE DRIVING IN STATE TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

Scenes of great enthusiasm marked the State visit of the King and Queen of the Belgians to this country. They were met at Dover by the Prince of Wales, and at Victoria Station by the King and Queen. On arrival, they drove in a State Procession through the streets to Buckingham Palace. In the afternoon the King of the Belgians drove to Whitehall and, after saluting the Cenotaph, laid at its foot a magnificent wreath of red roses and palm leaves tied with the Belgian colours. The following day there was a State Procession to the City, and a



A TRIBUTE TO OUR GLORIOUS DEAD: THE KING AND QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS AT THE CENOTAPH IN WHITEHALL.

Banquet at the Guildhall. In the State drive through London with the King of the Belgians on his arrival, it was noticed that the Duke of York, who was in the carriage with King George and King Albert, wore the new full-dress uniform of the Royal Air Force, in which he is a Group Captain. The uniform is the familiar light blue, but with a peculiar head-gear which looks like a cut-down Artillery busby, described by a spectator as "an intriguing affair of black fur slashed with blue and decked with a gold chin-strap and blue plume."

BOOKS OF THE DAY

THAT blessed word "Democracy," which rushed into new and amazing popularity with Mr. Wilson's famous phrase, has been for some time past in need of elucidation. To the enlightened few it may always have been clear sounding, but (to carry on the figure of the greatest of ancient sporting poets)

Amid the general throng
For true interpreters it cries.

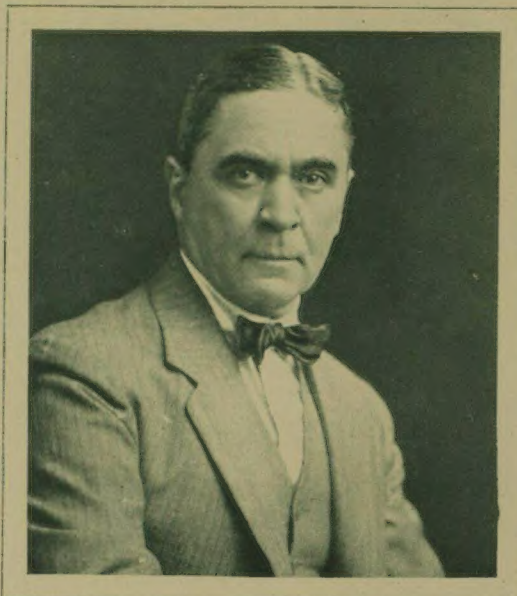
There was something hugely comical and a little pathetic in the glib familiarity with which men and women took the name of democracy upon their lips; and many to whom it had once been abhorrent used it almost reverentially, as though it were the word of power that was to call up a new heaven and a new earth. So precious did democracy appear that nothing would serve except that the world must be made "safe" for this supreme good. In all which, it is to be feared, lay much confusion and a parlous nebulousity. As peace returned dubiously to a distracted world full of new democracies, it seemed as if somehow the panacea had not worked. This did not mean, however, that the Thing Itself should be despaired of; it was rather the occasion for careful examination and clarifying of the term, so that men, setting vague preconceptions aside, might come to understand more precisely what democracy is and what it is not.

If there be one interpreter among British men of letters to whose hand this subject is made, it is certainly Lord Bryce, the expert *par excellence* in the framework of commonwealths. His "MODERN DEMOCRACIES" (Macmillan; 2 vols.; 50s. net) appears at a most opportune moment, of which the opportuneness is heightened by the fact that the work was long interrupted by the years of war. Between the inception and completion of this compendious survey of democracies, new and old, so much happened vital to the exposition that the delay in preparation can only be counted for gain. The book falls into three main parts: I. Considerations applicable to Democratic Government in General; II. Some Democracies in their Working—a discussion, in chief, of France, Switzerland, Canada, the United States (a new essay, not an abbreviation of "The American Commonwealth"), Australia, and New Zealand, with brief introductory chapters on the Republics of Antiquity and those of South America; and III., Examination and criticism of democratic institutions in the light of the facts described in Part II., together with observations on phenomena bearing on the working of Democracy everywhere, and general reflections on the present and future of Democratic Government.

Lord Bryce provides a series of working models, as it were, to exemplify his views, and he preserves a close parallel in method between the theoretical and practical parts of a book almost encyclopædic in its range. In the introductory general considerations, for example, he examines, among many others, such questions as the Press (a most acute and fascinating analysis), Public Opinion, and Party, and these are taken up again in the discussion of individual States and related directly to the commonwealth at the moment under the microscope. The whole work thus achieves an admirable harmony of the abstract and the concrete.

Clearing the ground for his definition, Lord Bryce rejects the use of the word Democracy for "the masses" as opposed to "the classes," and prefers "to employ the word as meaning neither more nor less than the Rule of the Majority, the

'classes and masses' of the whole people being taken together." He admits that the country where the ideal democracy exists has not yet been discovered, and in this he only echoes the close of the Ninth Book of "The Republic"; but he gives a persuasive modern turn to Plato's playful surmise that "perhaps in heaven there is laid up a pattern of it for him who wishes to behold it," when he says that "it is the conception of a happier life for all, coupled with a mystic faith in the



A BRITISH ARTIST EXHIBITING IN LONDON, WHOSE WORK HAS BEEN ADDED TO THE NATIONAL COLLECTIONS: MR. W. LEE-HANKEY.

Mr. W. Lee-Hankey is holding an exhibition of his etchings, water-colours, and paintings at the Leicester Galleries. A complete collection of his etchings has been purchased by the Victoria and Albert Museum.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

People, that great multitude through whom speaks the Voice of the Almighty Power that makes for righteousness—it is this that constitutes the vital impulse of democracy." Disappointments and disillusion are inevitable, but the ideal survives. Lincoln's famous judgment about the chances of fooling the people may seem, Lord Bryce remarks, somewhat severe in its recognition of the risk that the people may hastily commit a fatal error; but

When Mr. Walter George Bell writes about London, the reader must keep his weather eye open, for Mr. Bell has a plaguey modest way of imparting brand-new information, which he does not "star" or advertise. Thereby hangs a dismal tale; for, years ago, when Mr. Bell in his "Fleet Street," made it known that Pepys was a native of St. Bride's parish, a reviewer in a very serious critical journal (now leading a dual life) overlooked the important discovery. That reviewer has ever since worn sackcloth for his sin, but it comforts him somewhat to read in the Preface to "MORE ABOUT UNKNOWN LONDON" (The Bodley Head; 6s. 6d. net) that Mr. Bell "accepts all reviewers as truthful, else how could they be so kind?" This is indeed coals of fire. In his new book, this expert London chronicler once more plays the pleasant and discursive guide to things both unfamiliar and familiar. Even if it be not news to some that London was once named Troynovant, the little lecture with Gog and Magog for text suffers nothing thereby. And the reader will certainly resolve to get as near as he can to an election of Sheriffs, if it were only for the new sensation of being barred out of Guildhall by "two-and-twenty gates in line," with startling accessories. "The First British Naval Despatch," from Edward III. to his son, is an excellent pendant to Froissart's resounding description of the Battle of Sluys, and may be read in the original at the Guildhall in Letter Book F. These are only crumbs from a rich feast in a book which repudiates the popular belief that the City is best seen from the top of a 'bus.

It was rather an odd coincidence, after reading a volume about the Prince of Wales's Australasian tour in the *Renown*, to find in another book about a sailor of kingly lineage this line from a popular ballad of 1690—"They sent him to Portsmouth with Royal Renown." That referred to Henry FitzRoy, Duke of Grafton, son of Charles II. and Barbara Villiers, whose biography Sir Almeric FitzRoy, Clerk to the Council, has amplified in a careful monograph (Christopher; 12s. 6d.), enriched with many admirable plates. Sir Almeric, whose task was inspired by "the instinct of family piety," believes that the brilliant young Duke of Grafton has not been quite fairly treated by history, and that during his brief twenty-seven years of life he both promised and performed things worthy of fuller record. What other Englishman of twenty-seven, he asks, had claims to the command of a great fleet at a critical moment in naval history? Grafton's services by sea at Beachy Head, and on land in a skirmish during the Monmouth rebellion, are here put beyond question, and Sir Almeric has presented a well-documented case in defence of the Duke's alleged treachery to James II. To many, however, the best part of the book will be its intimate sidelights on Court and Society before and at the Revolution. The little descriptive commentary on Charles the Second's death is the neatest thing on that subject since Mr. Chesterton called the Merry Monarch's exit "the last great act of logical unbelief." Sir Almeric's digression may be obvious padding of a slender theme, but it is an aside one would not wish omitted.



A VIGOROUS ETCHING FROM VIENNA ON VIEW IN LONDON: "ON THE WAY TO THE HORSE-MARKET," BY FERDINAND GOLD.

An interesting Exhibition of Viennese Etchings and Wood-cuts has been opened, at 7, Grafton Street, Bond Street, by the Modern Art Society under the auspices of the Society of Friends Relief Committee. Among the artists represented are Ferdinand Gold (whose fine study of horses is here reproduced), Otto Laske, and Professor Max Pollak.—[By Permission of the Modern Art Society.]

it is a tribute to their open-mindedness. "If you can get at the people—for that is the difficulty—things will usually go well. But the people must have time." Lord Bryce, who knows the weakness of popular government as well as its strength, remains an invincible optimist, and gives it as his last word that "Democracy will never perish till after Hope has expired."

A VILLAGE BUILT TO BE BOMBED: MIMIC AIR WARFARE AT HENDON.

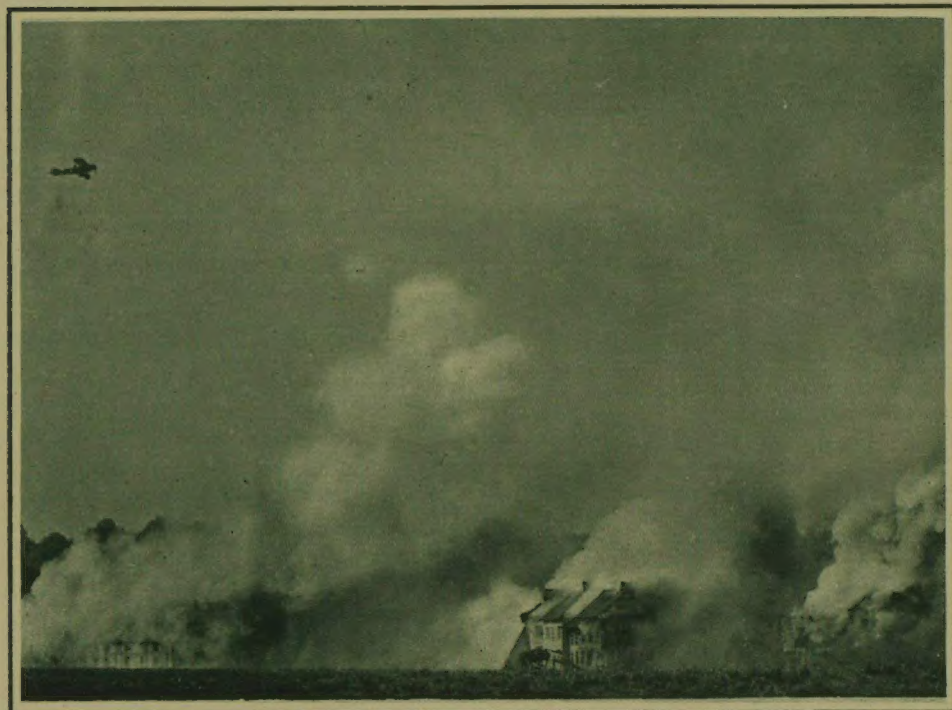
PHOTOGRAPHS BY FARRINGTON PHOTO. CO., C.N., I.B., AND L.N.A.



A "VILLAGE" BOMBED AT THE AIR PAGEANT AT HENDON: THE CHURCH STEEPLE HIT.



"DRIVEN DOWN IN FLAMES": TWO OF THREE BIG HANDLEY-PAGE BOMBING AEROPLANES ATTACKED BY SOPWITH "SNIPES"—A REALISTIC AIR BATTLE.



BUILT FOR THE OCCASION OF SPARE AEROPLANE PARTS: A "VILLAGE" OCCUPIED BY "GENERAL BLITZENSCHOOTER" AND HIS STAFF ATTACKED BY AIR BOMB AND MACHINE-GUN.



DISAPPEARING IN SMOKE AFTER TERRIFIC EXPLOSIONS: THE BOMBED "VILLAGE" PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE AIR.



WATCHING THEIR "VILLAGE" BEING BOMBED: R.A.F. MEN DRESSED UP AS GERMAN RESIDENTS.



THE KING EXPLAINING DETAILS TO THE QUEEN MOTHER: (FROM RIGHT TO LEFT) QUEEN ALEXANDRA, THE KING, AND THE QUEEN.

The Aerial Pageant held at the London Aerodrome, Hendon, on July 2, in aid of the funds of the R.A.F. War Memorial, was a great success, and provided some highly realistic and thrilling spectacles of mimic warfare. The royal party, who arrived by motor-car early in the afternoon and stayed to the end, comprised the King and Queen, Queen Alexandra, Princess Mary, the Duke of York, and Prince Henry. The Prince of Wales was at Henley. One of the chief events at Hendon was the bombing of a "village," ingeniously built for the occasion out of spare aeroplane parts, including a church with a forty-foot-high steeple. The "village" was the G.H.Q. of the German "General Blitzenscooter," and as the

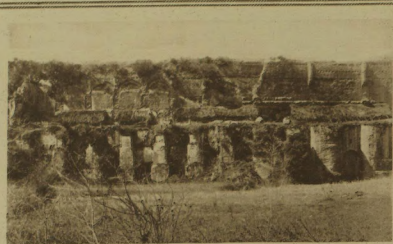
British 'planes approached there was a wild stampede of the "inhabitants." The bombs fell in a series of terrific explosions, and the "village" was obliterated. Another exciting episode was an attack by single-seater fighting machines, Sopwith "snipes," on three big Handley-Page bombers, two of which (as shown in our photograph) took fire, but landed under control. From the third an occupant (Mr. Newall) descended in a series of three parachutes, exchanging from one to another in mid-air. Among other scenes were a handicap race, an attack on a kite-balloon by a Sopwith "snipe," exhibitions of formation flying, and various astonishing "stunts" by individual pilots.

HOW ANCIENT ROME GUARDED AGAINST DROUGHT:

PHOTOGRAPHS AND ARTICLE BY MR. THOMAS

THE GREAT AQUEDUCTS—A LESSON TO MODERN LONDON.

ASHBY, OF THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF ROME.



THE MOST MASSIVE OF ALL THE AQUEDUCT BRIDGES NEAR ROME: PONTE LUPO, ON THE AQUA MARCIA, NAMED AFTER Q. MARCIUS REK (144 B.C.)



SUPPLIED DIRECT FROM THE STORED STREAM THAT "LEAPS IN FOAM": ON THE ANIO VETUS AQUEDUCT—THE PONTE DELLA MOLA DI S. GREGORIO.



THE MEETING-POINT OF MANY OF THE ANCIENT AQUEDUCTS THAT BROUGHT WATER TO ROME: TOR FISCALE, THREE MILES FROM THE CITY.



FED FROM THE RIVER ANIO, WHICH STILL SUPPLIES MODERN ROME UNDER THE AQUEDUCT'S OLD NAME: THE AQUA MARCIA AT PONTE S. PIETRO.

THE AQUEDUCTS OF ANCIENT ROME.

ANCIENT Rome was remarkable for the abundance of its water-supply. That of the modern city is more plentiful than that of any other city in the world, and is sufficient to allow an enormous number of public fountains of excellent drinking water to run continuously; but it represents only about one-fifth of that which was available in classical times. This was mainly derived from the valley of the Anio, a tributary of the Tiber, which joins it a little way above Rome, and was conveyed by four different aqueducts, forming the most important group of the eleven by which the city was supplied. Two of these (the *Anio Vetus* and *Novus*—the old and new Anio, as they were called) drew their water from the river itself, while two (the Marcia and Claudia) were fed by copious springs which rise near its right bank some 38 miles from Rome, and derive their water from the limestone mountains which rise immediately above; these took their names respectively from Q. Marcius Rex (prætor in 144 B.C.) and from the Emperor Claudius, who completed the work begun by Caligula, who had recourse to the same springs as his predecessor for the aqueduct which he constructed. The same rulers were also responsible for the building of the new Anio aqueduct.

The river water is naturally much fouler than the limpid spring water, which—like it, carries a heavy calcareous deposit, though it is of remarkable purity in other respects, and, under the old name of *Acqua Marcia*, (modern spelling) forms one of the principal supplies of modern Rome.

The course of the ancient aqueducts from their sources to Rome may be traced by their ruins for its whole extent. It falls into two main divisions. In the first they followed closely the narrow valley of the Anio as far as Tivoli, where the ancient Tiber, where the river leaps into the plain over the falls that so many artists have portrayed; while in the second they pursued a devious course, descending gradually (while the modern *Acqua Marcia*, in its cast-iron pipes, runs straight down the steep hillside) and making a great sweep above Hadrian's Villa, through difficult country traversed by deep ravines, which they crossed by massive bridges. Then they passed through gentler undulations along the lower slopes of the Alban Hills, largely underground, until they emerged once more some six miles from the city, which they reached by a line of lofty arches. The only exception was formed by the old Anio, which, having been constructed early in the third century B.C., when Rome still had to fear the dangers of foreign invasion, was kept underground as far as possible. Its course, however, served to determine that of the others, which never diverged very far from it; in fact, it is often difficult to determine to which of the four a particular ruin may belong without the aid of accurate levelling, which was undertaken in 1915 by some Italian surveyors—the late Professor V. Reina and his assistants, Signor R. Corbellini and Signor G. Ducci, who were accompanied and guided by the present writer.

The remains of the aqueducts are considerable in both of the above-mentioned divisions; for the Anio has a number of tributary streams



AN AQUEDUCT BEGUN BY CALIGULA AND COMPLETED BY CLAUDIUS: THE AQUA CLAUDIA, IN THE VALLE D'EMIGLIONE, NEAR TIVOLI



WHERE TWO AQUEDUCTS WERE CARRIED ON THE SAME ARCHES: THE AQUA CLAUDIA AND THE ANIO NOVUS AT A POINT NEAR ROME.



SHOWING REPAIRS IN CONCRETE TO THE ORIGINAL ASHLAR MASONRY: DETAIL OF THE AQUA CLAUDIA, VALLE D'EMIGLIONE (ILLUSTRATED ABOVE).



TUNNELLED THROUGH HILLS LIKE A MODERN RAILWAY: THE ANIO VETUS (3RD CENTURY B.C.)—THE PONTE DELLA MOLA DI S. GREGORIO.

which it was necessary for them to cross on arches; while in the lower section a number of valleys and ravines formed obstacles more or less formidable. There are only two cases known to me where the aqueduct channel (which is of considerable size, the largest being over 6 feet in height and 3 ft. wide) is carried under the bed of a stream, and syphons are not used—not because the Romans were ignorant of the principle involved, for there are no less than ten syphons in the four aqueducts which supplied Lyon in Roman times; but because the Romans did not dare to construct syphons of concrete, and were unable to make large metal pipes capable of standing high pressure, so that the amount of lead that would have been required for the numerous small-bore pipes to carry so large a volume of water would have been colossal; while the pipes themselves would soon have become choked with deposit.

The original construction was in ashlar masonry, except in the case of the Anio Novus, which was built mainly in brick-faced concrete; but it was soon found necessary to undertake extensive repairs, and the additional strengthening was almost entirely carried out in the latter material; while in some cases an entire reconstruction was required. The distance along the line of the aqueducts was reckoned from Rome, and not from the springs. The Anio Vetus and the Marcia were extensively restored by Augustus, who remeasured their course and erected boundary stones (*cippi*, as they were called) bearing his name, at intervals of 240 feet apart, on each side of them, to mark the land reserved for their passage. This was, of course, especially important where they ran underground, so as to preserve the shafts by which they were entered for clearing purposes from being filled up with rubbish or otherwise injured.

It will be seen from what has been briefly said that the study of the aqueducts which once supplied the numerous fountains and the great baths of ancient Rome is of considerable interest; but its greatest fascination lies in the fact that the country into which one is led is of surpassing charm. The upper valley of the hurrying Anio was, until the last few years, one of the loveliest in Italy, though the imperative need of water-power, in a country which has no coal, has led to the construction of dams and artificial channels and power-stations which have somewhat marred its beauty. Then, after leaving Tivoli, one follows the aqueducts in their gradual descent through the olive groves, with frequent glimpses of the vast Campagna lying below, and finally blending into the sea; and then as they cross ravine after ravine, tunnelling through the intervening hills with the daring of a modern railway, one is led to natural beauties known only to comparatively few of those who visit Rome. As they pass from these into easier country, the Alban Hills rise above in all their loveliness; and finally, when they emerge from their subterranean course, and the majestic line of arches begins which first welcomes the traveller from the south (he has been known to mistake it for the Colosseum), they stand as one of the most impressive monuments of Roman grandeur in the great plain which forms the approach to the city.

THOMAS ASHBY.

The question of an adequate water-supply for great cities has been brought home to us in London and elsewhere by the season of exceptional drought experienced this year, which has done much harm to agriculture, and has necessitated great care in the use of water for domestic and general purposes. Last month was the driest June known in London for a hundred years, and the Metropolitan Water Board found it advisable to issue an urgent appeal for economy. Modern London might learn something in this

respect from ancient Rome, whose wonderful system of aqueducts made her the best-watered city of antiquity, and supplied the great public baths that played so large a part in Roman social life. Mr. Thomas Ashby, of the British School of Rome, whose remarkably interesting article and photographs appear above, read a paper on the subject at the last meeting of the British Association, at Cardiff. As his article shows, he writes with authority and intimate local knowledge.

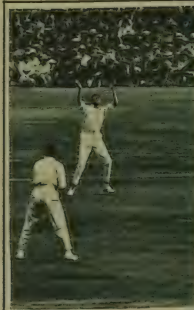
WHERE AN AUSTRALIAN VICTORY MEANT THE RUBBER FOR THE VISITORS: THE THIRD TEST MATCH, AT LEEDS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY L.B., TOPICAL PRESS.

P.P.P., C.N., AND AEROFILMS, LTD.



FACING DOUGLAS'S BOWLING, OFF WHICH HE WAS CAUGHT BY WOOLLEY:
MR. T. J. E. ANDREWS BATTING FOR AUSTRALIA.



ALSO CAUGHT BY WOOLLEY OFF
AN AUSTRALIAN BATSMAN.



DOUGLAS: MR. W. BARDSLEY,
DISMISSED FOR SIX.



CAUGHT BY HEARNE OFF WOOLLEY: MR. C. E. PELLEW, WHO MADE
52 FOR AUSTRALIA IN THE FIRST INNINGS.



BOWLED BY PARKIN AFTER MAKING ONLY ONE RUN:
MR. J. M. GREGORY'S WICKET GOES DOWN.



AN AUSTRALIAN BATSMAN NEARLY RUN OUT EARLY IN THE MATCH:
A NARROW ESCAPE FOR MR. T. J. E. ANDREWS.



THE THIRD TEST MATCH AS SEEN FROM THE AIR:



AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE GROUND AT LEEDS.



MAKER OF A CENTURY FOR AUSTRALIA: MR. C. G. MACARTNEY,
WHO CONTRIBUTED 115 TO A TOTAL OF 497.



ENGLAND'S FIRST WICKET FALLS FOR NO RUNS: WOOLLEY BOWLED
FOR A "DUCK" BY MR. J. M. GREGORY.

The Third Test Match at Leeds opened disastrously for England. We began by losing the toss. Then, in the early stages of the first innings, Major Tennyson, the new captain, hurt his hand badly in stopping a ball at cover-point, and had to retire temporarily from the game. As if that were not enough, before the Australian innings was concluded, Hobbs was taken seriously ill, and was found to be suffering from appendicitis. The doctors decided on an immediate operation. When Major Tennyson retired, Colonel Douglas again took command of the English team. Our photographs illustrate some of the notable incidents in the play. The catch which dismissed Mr. Andrews was a classic: the ball was going away on Woolley's right side and travelling very fast and low: Woolley held it with one hand just off the ground. Mr. Macartney,

for the Australians, played beautiful cricket. He made 115 invaluable runs in just over three hours off every kind of ball, good, bad, and indifferent. The Australians' total of 497 in the first innings put them in such a strong position that, in the light of the previous Test Matches, the result was regarded as a foregone conclusion. A third victory on this occasion meant, of course, the "rubber" for them out of the five matches. England had only thirty minutes' batting at the end of the first day's play and their bad luck continued. Woolley was dismissed by Gregory for a "duck" before any runs had been made, and Hearne was bowled by Macdonald with the score at 13. Later, things improved, and the total reached 259, just saving the follow-on. Colonel Douglas made 75, Major Tennyson (with a bandaged hand) 63, and Brown 57.

NO DETHRONEMENTS IN THE REALM OF LAWN-TENNIS: THE

DRAWINGS BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.



SINGLES CHAMPIONS RETAIN THEIR TITLES AT WIMBLEDON.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHOTOPRESS, L.N.A., TOPICAL, AND C.N.



The finals of the International Lawn-Tennis Tournament did not produce any great sensations or surprises, the two chief Singles champions, Mille. Lenglen and Mr. W. T. Tilden, retaining their titles. There was considerable excitement in the first stages of the Singles Championship, as Mr. Norton won the first two sets, but in the next two sets he went all to pieces. In the fifth and decisive set he got five games to Tilden's seven. In the Ladies' Singles, Mille. Lenglen had an easy victory over Miss Ryan, winning

by 6-2 and 6-0. In the Men's Doubles Championship Mr. R. Lycett and Mr. M. Woosnam beat the two brothers Mr. F. G. Lowe and Mr. A. H. Lowe. Mille. Lenglen and Miss Ryan beat Mrs. Beamish and Mrs. Peacock in the Ladies' Doubles. In the Mixed Doubles Mr. R. Lycett and Miss Ryan beat Mr. M. Woosnam and Miss P. L. Howkins. The All-England Plate was won by Mr. J. B. Gilbert, who beat Mr. F. M. B. Fisher.—[Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

By EDWARD J. DENT.



THE CULT OF STRAVINSKY.

ANYONE who depended on reading newspapers for a knowledge of what was going on in the musical world of London might well think that music in London at the present moment consisted of little else but Stravinsky. There are some who hold him to be the greatest of living composers, perhaps the greatest of all time; there are others who say that what he writes is not music at all. This is nothing new, and the critics of both schools know that it is nothing new. Stravinsky's music may be new; but the judgments on it, favourable or unfavourable, are those of our fathers and our grandfathers on Strauss, or Wagner, or Schumann, or Beethoven, and as far back as the curious antiquary cares to go. It would be interesting to know if there are still lovers of music alive who refuse to accept Schumann or Beethoven. There certainly exist people who have never yet accepted Wagner, let alone Strauss. "And quite right too—all honour to them!" say the most ardent admirers of Stravinsky. "Down with German romanticism and sentimentality!" In ten or twenty years' time some people will be saying just the same sort

of thing about "Petrouchka" and "Le Sacre du Printemps."

It is obvious that a good deal of the excitement about Stravinsky has nothing whatever to do with his real merits as a musician. The audiences who fill the Princes Theatre for "Le Sacre du Printemps" consist very largely of people whom I must not venture to call unmusical, but who very seldom are seen at the regular classical concerts. Needless to say, what attracts a



COMPOSER OF AN ENCORED CONCERTO: MR. ARTHUR BLISS. So delighted were the audience at Mr. Bliss's concerto for piano and tenor voice that it had to be repeated. It is an event rare, if not unique, in the annals of music for a concerto to be encored at its first performance.

Photograph by Sydney T. Loeb.

large proportion of the Stravinsky audiences is not the music, but the ballet and its decorations. If the scenery is painted by Picasso it stands to reason that the music must be equally wonderful. Surely it must be gratifying to a musician to think that here at last is a composer who is able, if only as a side-show, to arouse an interest for music in people who are left cold by Bach, Beethoven, or Brahms. If they only hear enough Stravinsky, they may eventually be led to enjoy the composers of "Carnaval" and "Sylphides." Yet the innermost devotees of Stravinsky would be indeed horrified at such a thought. For Schumann and Chopin are the worst examples of that nineteenth-century romanticism against which M. Stravinsky's music is a protest. The ordinary lover of music may well ask why a protest should be made against them at all. The people who have prostrated themselves in whole-hearted adoration of this new music are rather inclined to forget the point of view of the ordinary music-lover. It is, after all, the ordinary music-lover who keeps music alive—I mean the man or woman who takes a genuine delight in good music, but has no time or inclination to devote the concentrated energy of a life-time to its pursuit. To such people the knowledge of, it may be, the ordinary classical repertory is far too precious a possession to throw away. They have not exhausted the stock classics; they do not hear them often enough for that. On the other hand, the professional musician, composer or critic, may well feel that he has come to the end of the classics. He has played them, taught them, conducted them, heard them, so often that they have become a mere matter of routine. To such people the new music is, if nothing else,

an irritant and stimulant. The amateur whose thoughts have been occupied all day with other affairs can rejoice in a classical concert as an opportunity for withdrawing his mind from worldly things. A Beethoven quartet sets him



A CHARMING SOPRANO: MISS ANNE THURSFIELD. Miss Thursfield is a great favourite with the public, and deservedly so, as she has a delightful voice, and can sing admirably in several languages.—[Photograph by Basil.]

at once in a state of mental quietude. The man who is occupied all day with music finds it hard to attain that sense of repose. If he seeks repose, he would often prefer to hear no music at all. At an ordinary concert he feels only too often like a man who gets into bed and cannot sleep. For to the musician music is not rest but activity, and that is the reason why the musician must for ever be seeking new forms of expression.

The modern musician revolts not so much against the conventional forms of classical music as against its conventionality of emotion. When classical music is old enough to have lost its

all of us is a necessary spiritual refreshment. That is the reason for our present-day reversion to Purcell, to Byrd and the Elizabethans. It explains the apparent strangeness of the fact that many modern musicians divide their enthusiasm between the quite old and the quite new, while losing all interest in the music of the century that is past.

In certain cases it is possible to trace a definite connection between the old composer and the modern, but Stravinsky is not one of those who have consciously followed Verdi's advice and turned to the antique in the intention of progress. If Stravinsky has turned backwards, it is to an antiquity that may be regarded as prehistoric.

No doubt to many listeners this prehistoric barbarism, such as appears in "Le Sacre du Printemps," has its attraction. But Stravinsky is not really barbaric at all. It is impossible for any musician of our day, hearing the music of civilisation all around him, to revert to primitive barbarism. Stravinsky's apparent barbarism is not the result of naïve simplicity, but the expression of a highly civilised modern mind which has analysed the romanticism of an earlier generation and has, with extraordinary skill and determination, eliminated every trace of it. His music is difficult to understand only if one tries to understand it in the light of ordinary classical music. It is fatal to try to get at his meaning through the pianoforte.

The pianoforte has influenced him, as it has influenced all modern composers, in the sense that it has led him to conceive of the orchestra as if it were made up almost entirely of instruments of percussion. But to transfer his orchestral music to the pianoforte is to falsify all its values. Those queer groups of notes which it seems ridiculous to call chords, must be regarded as single composite sounds, like the notes of bells and xylophones.

In old days composers designed two melodies to go together in such a way that they should fit harmoniously. Stravinsky has no use for the combination of melodies unless they quite obviously do not fit. That is the new interest in music—the combination of melodies in different keys. It is not difficult to follow when once the principle is grasped.

But every new gain implies a loss. Stravinsky's melodies, taken by themselves, are extremely simple, like the primitive tunes of his own country. "Petrouchka," after a certain number of hearings, becomes perfectly easy to follow, and no doubt the same will be the case with "Le Sacre du Printemps."

It has been the same with Wagner and Strauss: the direct themes stand out more and more, the harmonic complications retire into the background. The history of music proves that what survives in music is melodic invention, and the complication of pure melody.

That is what makes Bach alive for us at this day. A later generation will be able to judge whether Stravinsky has created work of permanent value. For us it is, at any rate, an extraordinary stimulus and a wonderful opening up of new possibilities.



A GREAT POLISH VIOLINIST: M. PAUL KOCHANSKI.

M. Kochanski is well known to Londoners. Recently he played at the last Russian Festival Concert. It is to be hoped that he will give recitals in the autumn.

Photograph by Arbuthnot.



A FAMOUS AUSTRALIAN VIOLINIST: MISS DAISY KENNEDY, WHO IS MME. BENNO MOISEWITCH IN PRIVATE LIFE.

Miss Daisy Kennedy gave a recital recently with her husband at Wigmore Hall.

emotional heat and to appear more a study in form than the expression of feeling, it can give him a new kind of pleasure, and can, in many cases, induce that sense of mental quietude which to

THE FOREIGN CHALLENGE TO BRITISH OARSMANSHIP: FINALS AT HENLEY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CENTRAL NEWS, L.N.A., AND TOPICAL PRESS



THE DANISH WINNER OF THE DIAMOND SCULLS: MR. F. E. EYKEN, OF DELFT UNIVERSITY, WHO BEAT MR. J. BERESFORD.



WINNERS OF THE GRAND CHALLENGE CUP: THE MAGDALEN (OXFORD) CREW, WHO DEFEATED JESUS (CAMBRIDGE) BY ONE LENGTH IN THE GREAT RACE.



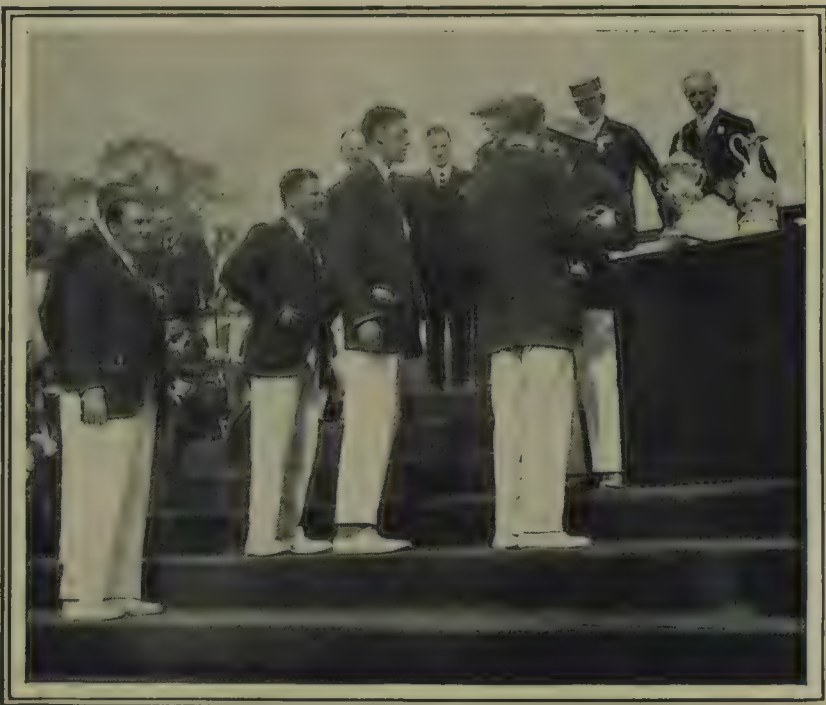
WON BY ETON FROM LADY MARGARET BOAT CLUB (ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE) BY $\frac{3}{4}$ LENGTH: THE FINISH FOR THE LADIES' PLATE.



WON BY THE CHRISTIANIA ROKLUB (NORWAY) FROM CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE (OXFORD): THE FINISH OF THE THAMES CHALLENGE CUP



THE PRINCE OF WALES IN A LEANDER HAT BAND AND TIE: H.R.H. PRESENTING THE LADIES' PLATE CUP TO THE ETON CREW.



RECEIVING THE GRAND CHALLENGE CUP FROM THE PRINCE OF WALES: THE VICTORIOUS MAGDALEN CREW PRESENTED WITH THEIR TROPHY.

The day of the finals at Henley Royal Regatta, July 2, provided a brilliant climax to one of the most successful Henleys of recent years. For the third time in the history of the regatta two trophies were taken by competitors from outside the United Kingdom. The Christiania Eight won the Thames Cup; and Mr. F. E. Eyken, of Delft University, the Diamond Sculls. In 1914, it will be remembered, Harvard won the Grand, and G. Sinigaglia (Italy) the Diamonds; in 1912, Sydney

(N.S.W.) won the Grand, and the Rowing Club de Paris the Thames Cup. The success of the Norwegians this year was expected, but the victory of the Dutch sculler was quite a surprise. The cups were presented to the successful competitors by the Prince of Wales, who was wearing a Leander hat-band and tie. The Prince had previously witnessed the racing from the umpire's launch, and he had a very enthusiastic welcome from the spectators.

THE IRISH WOMAN'S SHARE IN SINN FEIN MURDER: BRITISH CADETS BETRAYED TO DEATH IN DUBLIN.

DRAWN FROM EXCLUSIVE INFORMATION AND PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN ON THE SPOT.



THE SINN FEIN MURDER GANG AT WORK IN BROAD DAYLIGHT IN ONE OF THE BUSIEST STREETS OF DUBLIN: THE SHOOTING OF TWO UNARMED BRITISH EX-OFFICERS, CADETS WARNES AND APPLEFORD, AFTER BEING BETRAYED BY A GIRL, IN GRAFTON STREET.

Two Temporary Cadets in the Auxiliary Division, R.I.C., Leonard George Appleford and George Gerald Warnes, both of whom rendered valuable service to the nation as officers in the Army during the late war, were assassinated by Sinn Féin gunmen in Grafton Street, one of the busiest thoroughfares in Dublin, on the evening of Friday, June 24. The unfortunate men, who had just left a restaurant in which they had had tea, were betrayed by a young woman, who pointed them out to the murderers, saying "Here they are." The Cadets, who were in civilian clothes, were then surrounded by the gunmen, some of whom kept the pedestrians back while three others approached their victims from behind and shot one through the heart and the other through the head. The Cadets fell to the pavement, and the murderers, after pouring further shots into their bodies, ran away from the scene of their dastardly crime. One of the Cadets

was dead on arrival at hospital, and the other died soon afterwards. A waitress from the restaurant (further to the left, out of the picture) rushed to their aid on hearing the shots, and took Appleford's head on her lap, trying to stop the bleeding. Mr. Warnes, who was twenty-eight, was a Cambridge University man and a fine sportsman. His home was in Suffolk. He got a commission in the Army in 1912, and during the war served in Gallipoli, Egypt, and Palestine. He was demobilised from the 5th Suffolk Regiment with the rank of Captain, and joined the Auxiliary Division of the R.I.C. last December. Mr. Appleford, also aged twenty-eight, whose home was in Essex, held a commission in the Machine Gun Corps during the war, joined the Auxiliaries last September, and was promoted section-leader in December. He leaves a widow and a little son.—(Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)

"ABOUT A NUMBER OF THINGS."

A Chat on Science by SIR RAY LANKESTER, K.C.B., F.R.S

THE THIRD EYE—AND OTHER EYES.—I.

IMAGINATIVE people have been heard to excuse a failure to keep in view everything going on around them—back and front, right and left—by the protest: "How could I possibly see it? I haven't got eyes in the back of my head!" "True, Madam (or Sir)," we should reply; "yet the notion is not so outlandish as you seem to suppose. Those graceful, swiftly-evasive little animals, the lizards, closely similar in all details of structure to ourselves, have, besides a pair of eyes like our own, also a single eye in the middle of the top of the head!"

This third eye is, it is true, of small size, and was only discovered a few years ago. But it is a true "eye," an optical apparatus like a minute photographic camera with lens, dark chamber and a sensitive nerve-plate corresponding to the photographer's sensitive plate, and connected by a long, optic nerve with the brain. It is only in the lizards, and not in all kinds of them, that this third eye is to-day existing, but in some of the ancient, extinct reptiles it was of large size and great importance. The common little green lizard of Jersey and South Europe shows it very well, though it is larger in the large tropical lizards known as "Monitors," and in the curious *Sphenodon* or "Tua-tara" of New Zealand. Fig. 1 is a drawing of the upper surface of the head of the green lizard, of twice the natural length and breadth. It is covered by horny plates or "scales" arranged in a definite pattern. The nostrils perforate a pair of these "scales." That of the right side is marked *n* in our drawing. Further back we come to the large paired eyes, which, seen from above, show only as two dark slits edged by the eyelids. That of the right side is marked *e*. Still further back there is a pair of small openings of which that on the right side is marked *au*. They are the ear passages. In the middle line is a five-sided scale marked *p.e.*, with a little translucent prominence at its centre. This is the special thing which concerns us: it is the covering scale of "the third eye," and seems to be shaped so as to act as a window or look-out for that remarkable possession.

When the scales and soft parts are cleaned off the head of the green lizard, the bony skull is displayed as drawn in our Fig. 2. The cavities in the bone connected with the outer nostrils are seen (*na*) and the bony orbits (*or*) in which the large "eye-balls" or paired eyes are supported and protected. In the middle line of the big bone, called the "parietal," which is the roof of the chamber containing the lizard's brain, there is a small round hole (*p.f.*). This is the "parietal foramen," or opening. It corresponds exactly in position with the scale marked *p.e.* in Fig. 1. Filling this parietal aperture, when the soft parts are still in place, lies a little dark-coloured globe about as big as a small pin's head. This is the actual thing of which we are in search—the third eye itself. The little ball-like, grey-coloured homœopathic globule has a stalk attached to it—its optic nerve—which passes through the hole in the bone and between the lobes of the enclosed brain to join the deeply-placed central part of that organ.

If we carefully expose the globule-like object of our search in its place by cutting away the skin and soft parts on one side, and examine it with a magnifying-glass, it presents the appearance shown in Fig. 3, with half of the overlying scale in position (Fig. 3 *cut.*). The horny cuticle (*cut.*) of the scale and the underlying layer of epidermis (*ep.*) are seen in section, whilst the "eye" itself

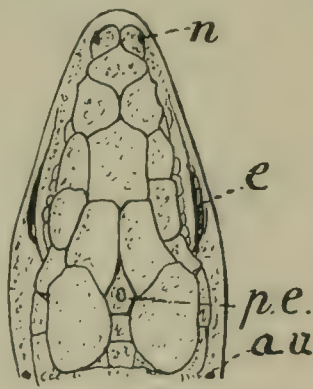


Fig. 1.—Upper surface of the head of the Green Lizard, *Lacerta viridis*, magnified to twice the natural length: *n*, right nostril; *e*, eyelid of the large eye of the right side; *au*, auditory canal; *p.e.*, scale covering the pineal, or "third" eye, which occupies the parietal foramen.

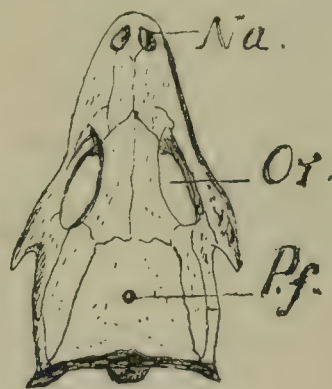


Fig. 2.—The upper surface of the bony skull of the same lizard: *na*, the right nasal aperture; *or*, the right orbit; *p.f.*, the parietal foramen, or orifice, in which the "third" eye is seated.

is uncut and supported on its nerve-stalk (*n.s.*). The surface of the ball of the little eye is seen to be beset with black pigment threads excepting the part nearest the scale, which is colourless and transparent. This is the "lens," so lettered in our figure. By skilful methods thin sections can be cut right through the eyeball and its stalk—for examination with high powers of the microscope. Such a section is drawn in Fig. 4, and the complete structure of the little "third eye" is revealed. It is hollow, the central space being filled by clear liquid. Its wall is built up of the microscopic units of structure known as "cells." In front they are massed so as to form the important firm and definitely shaped lens. It is a matter of significance that this lens is built up of inter-locking

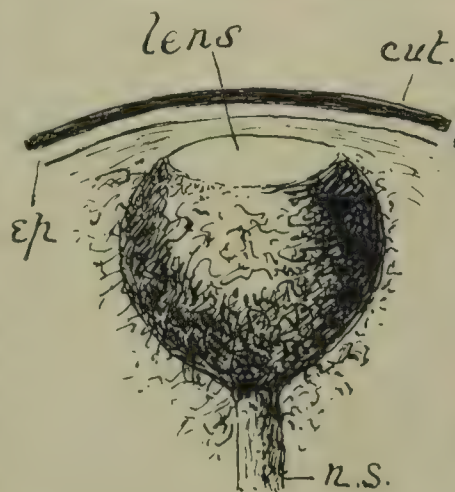


Fig. 3.—The "third" eye, or pineal eye, of the Green Lizard exposed by dissection: *cut.*, cuticle; *ep*, cellular epidermis; *lens*, the lens forming the top of the eye-ball; *n.s.*, the nerve stalk, or optic nerve.

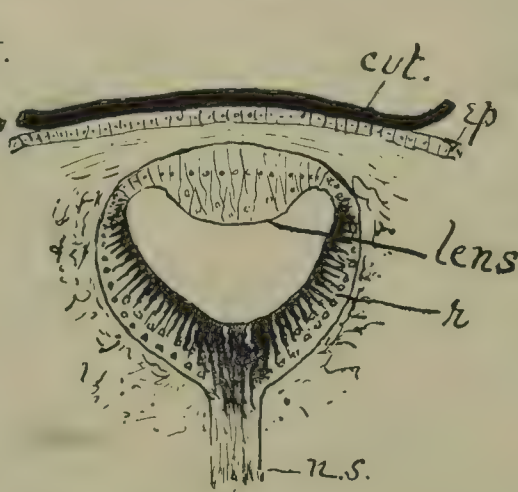


Fig. 4.—The same as Fig. 3, but the eye-ball and its stalk now shown in section: *r*, the retina lining the eye-ball. Other letters as in Fig. 3.

living "cells," each with its little central sphere or "nucleus," and is not a structureless knob of horny substance or of dense jelly, as is the case with the lens of the eyes of some lower animals. The sides and back part of the wall of the chamber or cavity of the lizard's third eye is formed by two sets of inter-locking rod-like cells (Fig. 4 *r.*), one set charged with black pigment, which thus give a dark, black lining to the chamber—a feature universally characteristic of true "eyes"—and the other set standing between these and connected each with a nerve-filament which can be traced with its fellows to the nerve-stalk (*n.s.*) built up

of these filaments and passing as a long cord far down into the central part of the brain.

The little "third" eye we have thus examined is often called "the parietal eye," because it is lodged in an opening or "foramen" in the parietal bone—a bone formed by the union of a pair of bones which roof over the skull in ourselves and other vertebrate animals, such as fish, reptiles, birds, and mammals. The parietal eye is also often called "the pineal eye," because in ourselves and most other vertebrate animals it has dwindled and disappeared, leaving only a deep part of its stalk which is connected with the brain and with a pea-like body, called by old anatomists the "pineal body." The significance of the pineal body is unknown. It is not the parietal eye in an altered condition, and it is not yet possible to give any satisfactory account of it. The philosopher Descartes held it to be the seat of the soul. This part of the brain and the parietal eye itself are relics of the past—structures which either persist and are inherited from our remote ancestors in a changed and puzzling condition, or else have ceased to appear—even with changed shape and uses—in the present representatives of the vertebrate stock save

in a very few exceptional instances. The only other living creatures, besides some lizards, in which the third or parietal or pineal eye has been found are the very peculiar and remote group of fish-like creatures known as lampreys and hag-fish—and in them its structure is less developed and its significance less obvious than in the lizards. It seems that the little parietal eye of the lizards is only a last vestige or survival of what was once a large and important third eye.

In many kinds of lizards the parietal eye is present, but in a withered, ineffective condition. Even in those in which it retains the window-scale, the lens, and the other details of structure as above described in the green lizard, it has not been shown to be actually in use as an organ of vision. More experiments to test this are needed, and are not easy to carry out. Possibly it has in all living lizards become so reduced in size as to be useless; but possibly it still is sensitive to light in a small way. On the other hand, the skulls of some of the large, extinct reptiles—but not those of crocodiles, Dinosaurs, or tortoises—have a "parietal foramen" of an inch or more in diameter, and the "third eye," which was lodged in this orifice, must have been an important organ of sight. The skull of the extinct porpoise-

like reptile, the *Ichthyosaurus*, has a large parietal foramen; and the skulls of the *Dicynodonts*, huge tusk-bearing reptiles found in the pre-oolitic strata known as the Trias, possess a parietal foramen as big round as a penny, its bony edge raised up to form a sort of circular well-head.

It is not improbable that the well-grown parietal eye of the great extinct reptilian ancestors of our modern lizards was not only actually larger but more elaborately constructed than the diminutive parietal eye which I have described and pictured above.

[To be continued.]

RECENTLY ECLIPSED BY THE MOON: THE PLANET VENUS.

DRAWN BY SCRIVEN BOLTON, F.R.A.S.



A PLANET WHOSE HOTTEST PART AT PRESENT IS ITS NORTH POLE: VENUS, ONE SIDE OF WHICH MAY HAVE 112 DAYS OF CONTINUAL DAYLIGHT, WHILE THE OTHER IS PLUNGED IN FROZEN NIGHT.

The above drawing is particularly interesting in view of the eclipse of Venus by the moon, which took place on Saturday (July 2). In a note accompanying his picture, Mr. Scriven Bolton says: "The planet Venus is all along a very conspicuous object in the western sky after sunset. It is exceptionally close to the earth—some thirty millions of miles—a circumstance which has enabled astronomers to observe it to advantage. The well-known observer, Professor W. H. Pickering, of Harvard College Observatory, announces his discovery of the true axial rotation period of Venus. As stated in 'The Illustrated London News,' December 25, 1920, mystery surrounds the time required for the planet to rotate on its axis, owing to a thick veil which hides the surface. The atmosphere of Venus appears to be twice as dense as ours, but this must counterbalance the greater solar heat there. Professor Pickering finds that Venus requires 68 hours to rotate once on its axis, the direction of rotation being the same as that of the earth. The most significant and startling fact in connection with Professor Pickering's observations is that the axis rotation lies nearly horizontal, being inclined only 4 or 5 degrees to the plane of its orbit. As shown above, the North Pole is at present

directed towards the sun, and, unlike the earth's, represents the hottest part of the Venusian world. It will enjoy about 112 days of continual daylight, to be followed by a similar period in the planet's frozen night side. The temperature in the night side, which may be shrouded in darkness for many weeks at a time, might easily drop to 300 degrees below zero. It will be gathered from the above picture that, in certain seasons, when either pole is directed to the sun, one hemisphere may enjoy perpetual sunshine for many weeks, while the other side is immersed in one long night. At other seasons, when the axis coincides with the terminator, the entire planet may have one 68-hour day, or 34 hours of daylight. To an inhabitant on Venus, taking the periodical variation of the day into consideration, actual daylight may endure, as a maximum, for 112 days, and about 34 hours as a minimum. Professor Pickering's claim is based on the movements of dark oval markings resembling either seas or continents. It is hoped that his observations may be substantially corroborated in order finally to settle a vexed problem. The spectroscope has not thus far successfully aided in this research."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

ROSES THAT OUTMATCH THE GARDENS OF ISPAHAN:

FROM THE DRAWING



WHERE A CHATEAU WAS BUILT IN SIXTY-FOUR DAYS FOR A WAGER
A SUMMER PARADISE FOR PARISIANS

The famous "Rosaie" of Bagatelle, in the Bois de Boulogne, is a popular haunt of Parisians in summer. When the roses are at the height of their beauty, all the bushes, pergolas, and arches provide a feast of colour and fragrance. "Eastern antiquity," says a French writer, "never knew the like; for, compared with the twelve hundred varieties of roses at Bagatelle, even the storied gardens of Ispahan would seem poor. During the beautiful days of sunshine, wayfarers in the Bois linger among the vistas of blossom called into being by M. Forestier's simple and spacious art. Here are young girls who bend their fresh and smiling faces over the freshness of the roses, while parents and lovers, in graver mood, take note of the particular kinds with which they mean to adorn their

THE GLORIES OF BAGATELLE, A PARISIAN PARADISE.

BY RENÉ LALONG.



WITH MARIE ANTOINETTE: BAGATELLE AND ITS FAMOUS "ROSAIE"—
IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

own gardens." Romantic memories are associated with Bagatelle, carrying us back to the days of careless luxury before the French Revolution. The little château which stands in the park was built in 1777, within 64 days, at a cost of over £120,000, by the dissolute Comte d'Artois (brother of Louis XVI., and afterwards Charles X.), in consequence of a wager with Marie Antoinette. It was first called Folie Bagatelle. Later, the Duc de Berry lived there, and it afterwards became the property of Sir Richard Wallace, to whom London owes the art treasures of the Wallace Collection, and from whose heirs the City of Paris bought the château and park of Bagatelle in 1904 for £250,000.—(Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)

THE ARTILLERY'S GLORIOUS WAR RECORD: THE CHOSEN MEMORIAL.

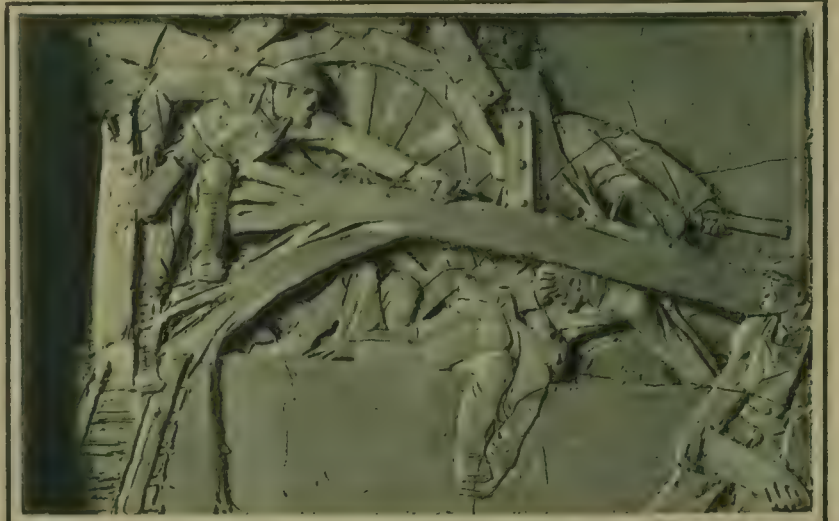
BY COURTESY OF THE ROYAL ARTILLERY WAR COMMEMORATION FUND.



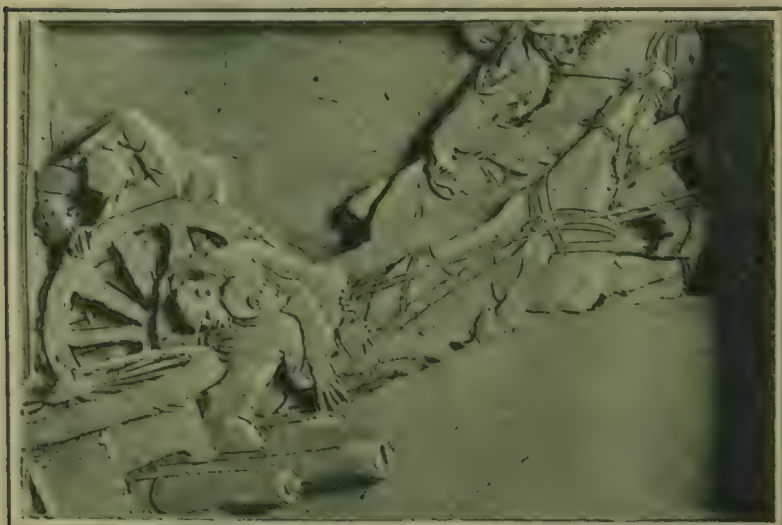
IN HONOUR OF 48,949 ARTILLERYMEN KILLED, 129,156 WOUNDED, AND 6689 MISSING: MR. C. S. JAGGER'S SUCCESSFUL DESIGN FOR THE ROYAL ARTILLERY WAR MEMORIAL TO BE ERECTED AT HYDE PARK CORNER, ON AN ISLAND SITE NEAR THE WELLINGTON STATUE.



A SCULPTURE DESIGN FOR THE BACK OF THE ROYAL ARTILLERY WAR MEMORIAL: AN 8-INCH HOWITZER UNDER CAMOUFLAGE PREPARING FOR ACTION.



A COMPANION RELIEF DESIGNED FOR THE BACK OF THE ROYAL ARTILLERY WAR MEMORIAL: A 6-INCH HOWITZER IN ACTION.



FOR THE LEFT SIDE OF THE FRONT OF THE MEMORIAL: AN R.H.A. 18-POUNDER WRECKED BY SHELL-FIRE WHILE GOING INTO ACTION.

A war memorial to commemorate in London the magnificent war services of the Royal Artillery is to be erected on an island site at Hyde Park Corner. It was no easy task to choose between the two designs which were submitted, on June 28, at the annual meeting of the Royal Artillery War Commemoration Fund. We illustrate them both here, on opposite pages, in order to enable our readers to judge of their respective merits. The accepted design is the work of Mr. C. S. Jagger, the sculptor, and Mr. Lionel Pearson, the architect who has



FOR THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE FRONT OF THE MEMORIAL (AS SHOWN IN THE TOP PHOTOGRAPH): HAULING A 4.5 GUN INTO POSITION UNDER FIRE.

assisted him. The alternative design was offered by Sir Edwin Lutyens, R.A., the distinguished architect of the Cenotaph and the chief new buildings of the Indian Government at Delhi, and the sculpture for it was designed by Professor Derwent Wood, R.A. The two schemes present an interesting contrast, both in architecture and sculpture. Architecturally, the successful one represents the horizontal style of monument, while the other is perpendicular and somewhat resembles the Cenotaph in shape. The Lutyens design bears the list of countries where the

(Continued opposite.)

IN CENOTAPH STYLE: A LUTYENS IDEA FOR THE ARTILLERY MEMORIAL.

BY COURTESY OF SIR EDWIN LUTYENS, R.A., AND PROFESSOR DERWENT WOOD, R.A.



BY THE ARCHITECT OF THE CENOTAPH AND THE NEW DELHI: SIR EDWIN LUTYENS' DESIGN, WITH SCULPTURE BY PROFESSOR DERWENT WOOD, FOR THE ROYAL ARTILLERY WAR MEMORIAL, WHICH WAS NOT ACCEPTED.

Artillery served—France, Belgium, Dardanelles, Salonica, Egypt, Palestine, Mesopotamia, India, Africa, Italy, and Russia. The inscription on the accepted design is headed with the Artillery motto: "Ubique—Quo Fas et Gloria ducunt"; and continues: "To the glorious memory of 48,949 Artillerymen of all ranks who died for their country in the Great War, 1914-1919. Here was a glorious fellowship of death." The total casualties of the R.A., which also included 129,156 wounded and 6689 missing, were nearly twice the strength of the

Artillery at the beginning of the war, and formed 25 per cent. of the total numbers serving. Apart from the memorial, the R.A. War Commemoration has done much relief work. During the past two years over 4000 cases have been assisted, some 400 men have been found employment, and over 300 children have received help with their education. The Secretary is Brig.-Gen. F. T. Ravenhill, Artillery House, Knaresborough Place, Earl's Court. When the memorial design was selected, it had still to be approved by the King.

ART IN THE SALE ROOMS

BY ARTHUR HAYDEN.



COLLECTING has advanced to such an extent that every collector is a specialist, but with circumspect feet one may walk into auction-rooms unchidden and bid to one's heart's content. It must be a glorious thing, with money burning in one's pocket, to stroll unconcerned into a quiet circle of the cognoscenti who are bidding tactfully against each other with slender purses, and to butt in just as an ignoramus and cap the lot, and carry off what they have waited a lifetime to acquire—

high, and a ruby vase, 9 inches high, I bought because I loved them. A little tazza attracted me, in blue, pink, and pale green, with base carved with foliage, only 5½ inches high. A figure of a duck carved in chalcedony, and another in quartz, became mine. I jumped at a standing figure of a girl holding a vase, only 3½ inches high, and a seated figure of a woman only 2½ inches, both of rock crystal, as representative of high art. I passed the Queen Anne and the Chippendale furniture, which brought fair prices. I competed for *famille-rose* plates of Ch'ien Lung porcelain, with figures on river banks, and having a lovely diaper pattern border, and for egg-shell cups with cocks and peonies of Yung-ching, to say nothing of a brush-pot enamelled with prunus and lotus branches on blue and yellow grounds in *famille-rose*, which some Chinese poet may have used. Here was a pot from which, who knows, poems emanated as sage as those of Omar, the Persian astronomer-poet. There is poeise here in this relic from Time, an inkpot which no ordinary wight could have used. And I obtained wondrous shapes and colours, and came away contented. "Can you sell your acquisitions for more tomorrow?" says a Throgmorton Street friend; to which I make reply, "I have bought dreams which are not in the market; I do not sell."

Armour has loomed large of late in the sale-rooms. At Messrs. Sotheby's, on the 1st, some minor pieces came forward. A fine Italian open casque of mid-sixteenth century came from the Orsuna collection at Madrid. Among the Duke of Grafton's furniture offered, a Louis XV. writing-table, a set of six early Georgian chairs, and a Sheraton Pembroke table were noticeable. Other properties included some fine Stuart stump-work panels with figures, and Stuart *petit point* examples; and lovers of samplers found a late seventeenth-century item with nine bands of needle lace and one

A two days' sale of autograph letters and historical manuscripts on the 11th and 12th include some valuable papers from Lord Lansdowne's collection and some authentic Burns manuscripts and relics, which are the property of the children of his nephew, Gilbert Burns. The Shelburne Papers of Lord Lansdowne were made by the first Marquess. The whole collection is to be offered in one lot. It is remarkable how papers relating to the official history of the country should still remain in private hands. The field covered is a large one. Letters relating to contracts for supplying the Army in America, 1780; reports as to the condition of various forts at Sierra Leone and elsewhere; plans of the fortifications of Quebec, and the report on the building of a citadel; copies of despatches between Lord Shelburne, Benjamin Franklin, and Richard Oswald, relative to the Peace Treaty with the United States, 1782—there are literally hundreds of these intimate documents, as classified by the Historical Manuscripts Commission in their fifth report, and the third report of the same Commission gives details of secret correspondence here offered for sale, in copy, that passed between the Foreign Office and St. Petersburg as to concluding a treaty with Russia in view of the coming troubles in Europe. Another property includes a fine series of Napoleon letters. It is interesting to note that, though many of his letters are signed "Napol," by far the greater number are signed "Nap."

The family Bible of "William Burnes," father of the poet, is a glorious relic. His father's death is duly entered in this Bible, which in those days was a family registrar-general of births, marriages,



THE ROYAL ARTILLERY WAR MEMORIAL: PART OF MR. C. S. JAGGER'S ACCEPTED DESIGN—THE FIGURE AT THE LEFT-HAND END.

The complete design, by Mr. C. S. Jagger (sculptor), assisted by Mr. Lionel Pearson (architect), which has been accepted for the Royal Artillery War Memorial to be erected at Hyde Park Corner, is illustrated on another page in this number. The figure shown in the above photograph, which stands at the left-hand end of the monument, is there seen in relation to the rest of the design.

By Courtesy of the Royal Artillery War Commemoration Fund.

some Greek goddess, or a wonderful prunus ginger jar they have pitted themselves against each other to secure—and, when a hush comes at a famous bid, to go fifty pounds more right off. It is a mild sensation in a minor degree, like leading in the Derby winner. All sorts and conditions of collectors may call such a person a Philistine. Collectors may eschew outsiders, but outsiders are the new generation. If the auction-room does not educate the *nouveau riche*, the museum must claim him as a client.

But give me fifty pounds, and to-day I could in a flat market make the nucleus of a collection. Husbanding my resources, I visited Mr. Stevens's auction-rooms at Covent Garden on June 28, but through timidity I missed a good many bargains, as I have since found out. I should have snatched at a fine Tibetan brass temple trumpet which went for three pounds. If I had any belief in the late Colonel Monck-Mason's judgment in exhibits which were at the Calcutta Exhibition in 1884, and later at the Dublin Museum, I should have made a bid for the elaborate Sinhasanasa with pierced canopy with a figure of a four-handed Vishnu, which found its quietus for a sovereign. I might have acquired a sacrificial vase with the figure of Siva under the nine-headed cobra, where around the body was a circlet of skulls. But I shall never forgive myself for losing three celadon dishes of the Ghorian (Afghan) dynasty of India of the twelfth century, believed to be a protection against poison. They changed owners for sixteen pounds.

But with my fifty pounds intact, I plunged on Chinese glass and porcelain at Messrs. Puttick and Simpson's sale on the 1st. A green vase, 7½ inches

of outline embroidery in silks. These old samplers are the pattern books of the patient needlewomen of centuries ago. Children and young maids worked them with pride, as being the five-finger exercises in ambitious needlework; and posterity rewards their endeavours by admiringly paying substantial prices for them.

To-day, when few children have ever seen a sovereign, and few adults have seen one for many years, it is interesting to note that, in a two days' sale by Messrs. Sotheby, on the 6th and 7th, a whole day was devoted to the selling of rare examples of Roman gold coins, which came from famous cabinets, such as the Montagu, Hoffmann, Bunbury, and Benson collections. These hundred and sixty gold pieces, "ancient monuments in miniature," represent a series of portraits of emperors and their wives, and generals and great Romans whose names have become immortal. In the Greek coins we have exquisite symmetry of design, a grace and a diversity which, by reason of artistic beauty of conception, make all later coins pale into comparative insignificance.

The first peep into a cabinet of fine Greek coins is like Keats's glorious outburst of startled admiration when he first looked into Chapman's "Homer."



THE ROYAL ARTILLERY WAR MEMORIAL: PART OF MR. C. S. JAGGER'S ACCEPTED DESIGN—THE FIGURE AT THE RIGHT-HAND END.

By Courtesy of the Royal Artillery War Commemoration Fund.

and deaths. A silver watch, once his father's and worn by Bobbie Burns, is here offered. The manuscript of his famous song—

Scots, wha' hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, whom Bruce has often led,

is to be bartered for in the auction-room, and Scots the world over will read of the disposal of this great song with sorrow. Is it too much to hope that Scotland will secure it, so that it may never leave the country of its origin? It should be in the Edinburgh Museum, where all may see it. Perhaps some of the whisky magnates may secure the treasure for their race.



HERE they come scrambling up from the beach!—some with Kodaks swinging lightly from their shoulders, others with towels fluttering behind them like triumphal banners—Father, taking his ease in the shade of a gorse bush, seizes his Kodak—click! goes the shutter and the happy little scene is caught Mother pretends to be amused by his enthusiasm and tells him he is getting younger instead of older—“*you and your Kodak!*” But father understands and smiles back at her: “I wish I’d had it last year,” he says. Remember, you can learn to use a Kodak in half-an-hour.

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LADIES' NEWS.

THE coal dispute is over at last, and now everyone has become exceedingly cheery and optimistic. We are promised a great boom. Men who know say that there are heaps of money all ready to be launched in industrial projects once there is a feeling of security. Some cheery souls there are who prophesy a speedy peace in Ireland. How one hopes that they may be justified in their look into the future. Quite a lot was going on last week. One thing was the very pretty wedding of Captain Constantine Benson, D.S.O., youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Benson, of Buckhurst, Sussex, to Lady Morvyth Ward, Lord Dudley's second daughter, who made a really beautiful bride. Her dress was all creamy satin, and fine old Limerick lace mellowed to a similar tint. A tulle veil was also ivory toned, and methinks that even the orange blossoms had been a little coerced to keep them within the creamy zone. The children in attendance were delightful to look upon: two daughters of Sir Hereward and Lady Wake—this always makes me think of fascinating scenes drawn by Charles Kingsley—and one of the Hon. Arthur and Mrs. Crichton; Lady Violet Elcho's second boy; Master David Lloyd, son of Sir George and the Hon. Lady Lloyd. The bridegroom was A.D.C. to Sir George Lloyd, Governor of Bombay; and the Hon. Lady Lloyd, not long back from India, brought her tall, slender, fair young son in his mediæval page's costume of blue and silver. Master Carol Arkwright was the third boy. They walked in couples with the girls, and were linked with wreaths of silver, delphiniums and love-in-a-mist. The two elder girls, Lady Patricia Ward, the bride's young sister, and Miss Benson, the bridegroom's sister, wore deep delphinium-blue tulle and georgette dresses, mingled with silver, and wide-brimmed hats to match. They carried most effective spikes of shaded delphinium, and the procession greatly pleased everyone.

The dresses of the women guests were as smart as smart can be. The Duchess of Roxburghe wore a wonderful mole-colour and peacock-blue confection. The Duchess of Sutherland, accompanied by her pretty little sister, Lady Betty Butler, was in grey and black. Constance Duchess of Westminster was in white, and remarkably handsome she looked. Mrs. Asquith wore a string-coloured lace and embroidered dress over black, and a hat to match; Lady Violet Elcho, who is soon to be married to Mr. Guy Benson, the bridegroom's brother, who acted as best man, looked very attractive in a dove-coloured and dark-blue costume. The Countess of Dudley,

whom we have known for many years as Georgiana Lady Dudley, looked remarkably well in black and silver, and came with her daughter, Lady Wolverton. The Hon. Lady Ward, who was, it will be remembered, Miss Whitelaw Reid, daughter of a very noted



A GARDEN-PARTY FROCK.

The extreme plainness of the bodice is more than made up by the frilly fullness of the skirt, and the whole forms an alluring get-up for a summer's day.—[Photograph by Manuel.]

American Ambassador, and of Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, who is a multi-millionaire—and in pounds sterling, not dollars—looked very well in a bronze and yellow-ochre costume. The reception was held at Dudley

House, Park Lane; the town residence of the Hon. Sir John and Lady Ward.

From gay to grave, reversing the order used by Pope. A decided gloom was cast on a large section of Society by the death of Lady Randolph Churchill. Everyone liked her, for she was a witty woman, whose wit rarely, if ever, wounded. She was a brilliantly clever personality, about whom there was an irresistible charm of naturalness. A clever pianist, she often played duets with another brilliant countrywoman, the late Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes). When Lady Randolph Churchill organised and helped to equip the hospital-ship *Maine* for the South African War, she began that impulse among highly-placed women to help the sick and wounded which was so gloriously followed up in the recent mammoth struggle. A great favourite with King Edward and Queen Alexandra, she was a frequent guest at Sandringham, and there was no one worth knowing or of any social prominence in the late Victorian and Edwardian times that she did not know. Always a leader of the American Colony in London, there was no movement in it of which she was not one of the mainsprings. Her sisters, Lady Leslie and Mrs. Moreton Frewen, who followed her example and married and settled here, were, and are, well-known figures in Society, but never rose to the position of leadership held by the deceased lady. She married Mr. George Cornwallis-West, brother of Constance Duchess of Westminster and Princess Pless. He was much her junior in years, but not in spirit, and she succumbed to his ardent desire to make her his wife rather, as she said openly at the time, against her better judgment. The marriage was not a success and she divorced him, afterwards marrying a very handsome and clever man, Mr. Montague Porch, with whom she went everywhere this season. I have been told by a friend of hers that she was looking forward to going with him to Nigeria when the accident which has proved fatal occurred. One of the most characteristic of the many stories of her is that some eighteen months after her marriage to Lord Randolph, when one of her American relatives called, he was rather overawed by the cold manner of the gentleman in plush at the door of a ducal residence where she was staying. In deference to a repeated "Her Ladyship is engaged," he was turning away when a voice rang out: "Come right in, Uncle Geoff; Jennie isn't engaged when you want her. Come right in." And right in he went, to find the heart he knew just as true and right as ever it was. Well, hers was a bright, brave, gallant spirit, and its passing has made all who knew her sad, and is a heavy loss to her two sons and their wives. A. E. L.

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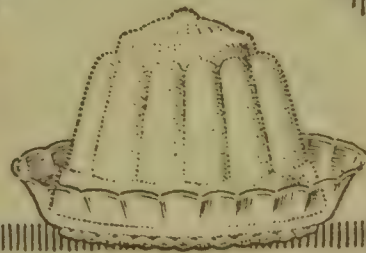
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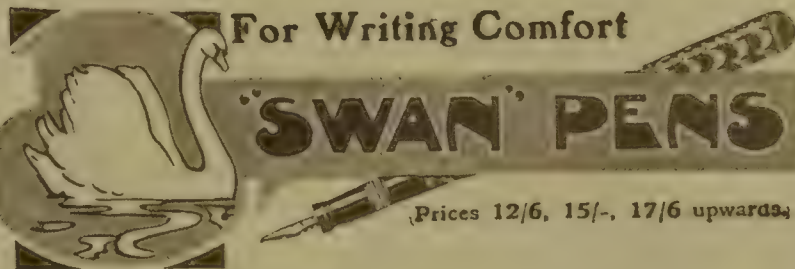
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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

"GIZZARD-STONES" IN ELEPHANTS.

MOST of what we know of elephants, and especially of the African elephant, we owe to the elephant-hunter and the big-game hunter. Hence it is that there are many aspects of the life-history of these animals which have yet to be investigated, and others which need further enlargement. A case in point concerns the habit, which these animals apparently have, of swallowing stones. So far as I can make out, the first record of this curious trait was made by Mr. H. S. Thornicroft, a District Commissioner of N.E. Rhodesia, so long ago as 1907, when, at a meeting of the Zoological Society of London, he exhibited 168 stones, weighing 7 lb. 13 oz., which he had taken from the stomach of a bull elephant—carrying tusks weighing 45 lb. apiece—killed in his district.

These stones, which are now in the British Museum of Natural History, are of various kinds, shapes, and sizes, the average being of about the size of a hen's egg. Their lithological differences show that they have been picked up in widely different areas. Among the natives such hoards appear to be familiar enough; so much so, that they see in them an indication of the age of the animal, believing that they take long to accumulate. But among European sportsmen, and naturalists, this stone-swallowing habit, if it is a habit, was apparently not even suspected. One can readily understand this, since, while the natives very thoroughly dissect the whole animal in the process of cutting it up for food, the sportsman and the ivory hunter are concerned with the tusks alone. One naturally asks, Is it a habit of this animal to swallow stones? Are Indian as well as African elephants also stone-swallowers? Under what circumstances, and for what "purpose," are they swallowed?

I have carefully examined the stones taken from the elephant just referred to, and they do not seem to bear out the native belief that they are accumulations of slow growth. For in this case they should be worn smooth, which is not the case in these specimens. It is possible that they are swallowed for the purposes of trituration—the grinding up of vegetable fibres—as in the

gizzards of vegetivorous birds. On the other hand, they may be swallowed for their pleasant taste, or accidentally, because adherent to tree-roots, which form a favourite item in the diet of this animal.



ENGLAND'S GREATEST REBEL ENSHRINED AMONG NATIONAL HEROES: THE STATUE OF WASHINGTON, PRESENTED BY HIS NATIVE STATE OF VIRGINIA, UNVEILED IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

A bronze statue of George Washington, "presented," as the inscription states, "to the people of Great Britain and Ireland by the Commonwealth of Virginia," was unveiled in Trafalgar Square on June 30. The presentation was made, very eloquently, by Dr. H. L. Smith, President of the Washington and Lee University, on behalf of the Governor of Virginia. Other eminent Virginians present were the Lieutenant-Governor, Mr. B. F. Buchanan, and the Speaker of the House of Delegates, Mr. R. L. Brewer, whose daughter, Miss Judith Brewer, performed the unveiling. Marquess Curzon said the gift symbolised the indissoluble union of the two great English-speaking races.—[Photograph by Farrington Photo. Co.]

The possibility that they may be unintentionally swallowed is suggested by the fact that stones are commonly found in the stomach of the crab-eating seal (*Lobodon carcinophagus*) of the Antarctic Seas; and it is believed that they, with a certain amount of grit, are scooped up with the crustacea from the bottom of the sea. The emperor penguin, on the other hand, shows an instinctive craving for stones for gizzard-grinding purposes; for these stones must be assiduously sought, since these birds never rest upon dry land, but only upon ice. The fate of stones swallowed by birds is not easy to determine, but what actually obtains is perhaps shown in the case of these ice-dwellers, where it is easily apparent that they are passed out with the excrement, for they were constantly found in little heaps in the rookeries studied by Dr. Wilson, who died with Captain Scott in their fateful attempt to reach the South Pole.

Another unexpected name in this list of stone-swallowers is that of the Lesser Rorqual. This is a "baleen" whale, feeding upon minute crustacea, and fish. From the peculiar method of feeding which is, so to speak, forced upon this animal, it is unlikely that any portion of its food is scooped up from the sea-floor; hence the pebbles found in its stomach must be deliberately swallowed, and we must suppose for the purposes of digestion, or, rather, of trituration. They are hardly likely to be derived from the fish which are engulfed, for these are mostly herring.

Till now, birds have been generally regarded as alone addicted to the practice of swallowing pebbles and grit; but it would seem that quite a number of other animals, from elephants and whales to crocodiles, must be included in the list. But among birds, stones and grit are not the invariable materials used for trituration purposes. The great-crested grebe uses its own feathers; the birds of prey, to maintain their health and well-being, must swallow a certain amount of the hair and feathers of their victims; the cuckoo, and the trogons of the *Genus Harpactes*, use the hairs of certain "woolly" caterpillars, on which they alone can feed. Did my space permit, I would add some interesting facts concerning earth-eating practices among various races of mankind; but this must await another occasion.

W. P. PYCRAFT.

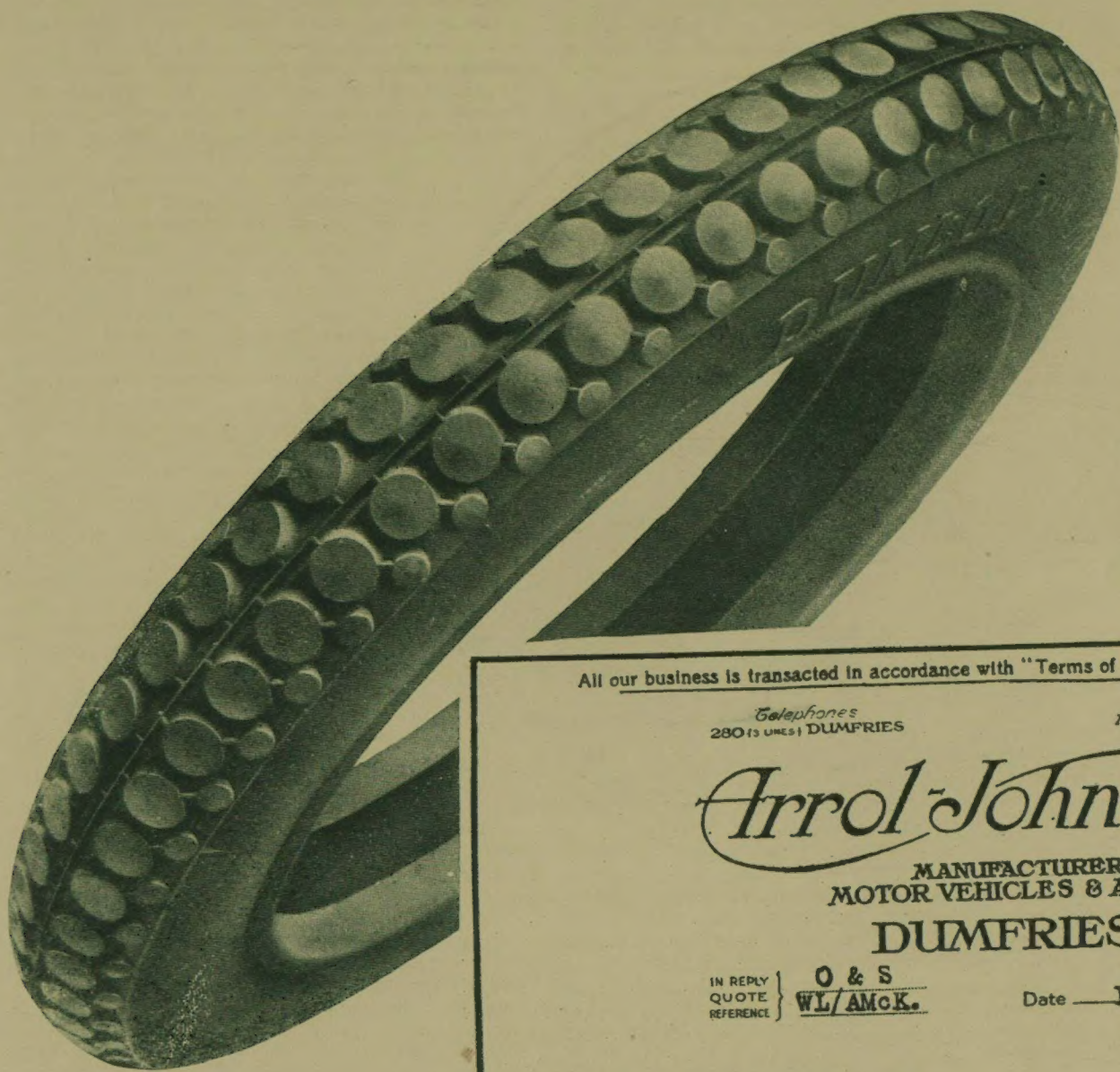


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A customer of ours,
Mr. G.G. Coghill, 75/77, Colmore Row, Bir-
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as follows:-

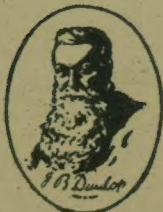
"Incidentally I would just like to
mention that I have four Dunlop
Magnum tyres fitted. I have done
over 7,000 miles and I have not
yet had a puncture. In fact the
tyres look good for a few thousand
miles yet."

The car Mr. Coghill is using is a 15.9 Arrol-
Johnston type 'A', and I thought you would be
interested in his remarks.

Yours faithfully,
For ARROL-JOHNSTON LIMITED

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no relation
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MARK

DUNLOP
TYRES OF THE
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

R.A.C. and A.A. Some two years ago discussions, I will not call them negotiations, took place between the Royal Automobile Club and the Automobile Association with a view to some sort of fusion of interests. For reasons which have remained obscure to the general body of members of each, these discussions came to nothing, and so we still have two separate and distinct associations, each performing to a great extent the same work and each with the same ideals and purposes. It is true that the R.A.C. acts as the governing body in automobile sport, and also functions as a social club, with neither of which spheres of activity the A.A. has anything to do. But in such directions as road service, touring, foreign Customs facilities, legal service, and other general matters affecting the motorist and his use of the highways, the functions of the two are identical, and to that extent seriously overlap. Obviously, this is extravagant, and in some ways against true efficiency. It clearly does not require two separate bodies, working largely against each other, and each arguing that Codlin is the friend—or Short, as the case may be—to do all that the motorist requires in the spheres these bodies have allotted to themselves. I do not think there can be room for two opinions as to that.

Accepting the proposition as I have stated it, the time is surely ripe for a resumption of the discussions which were broken off in 1919. There are difficulties, admittedly, in the way of a fusion of the two associations, but I see no reason why they should not be overcome, given that there is good-will and a determination to secure the utmost efficiency on both sides. I am not going to argue whether or not the one or other would suffer in prestige or *amour propre* by such a combination of interests as I have in mind. That does not matter a bit, weighed in the balance against the whole interests of the motoring community, for these are what are involved. We need only regard what happened in connection with taxation and the Roads

Act, when we had several "representative" bodies, each speaking with a different voice and each presenting a separate point of view, to be able to realise how essential it is that we should be one community, sole and indivisible, instead of a number greater or less. It will not be long before fresh motoring legislation falls to be discussed, and when that time comes we must be able to speak with a single voice, or our last case will be worse than the first.



COMBINING LUXURY WITH DEFENCE: AN ARMoured PACKARD "TWIN-SIX," WITH A MACHINE-GUN, BUILT FOR T'SAU T'SO LIN, GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF MANCHURIA. The details of this remarkable car are explained in the accompanying article.

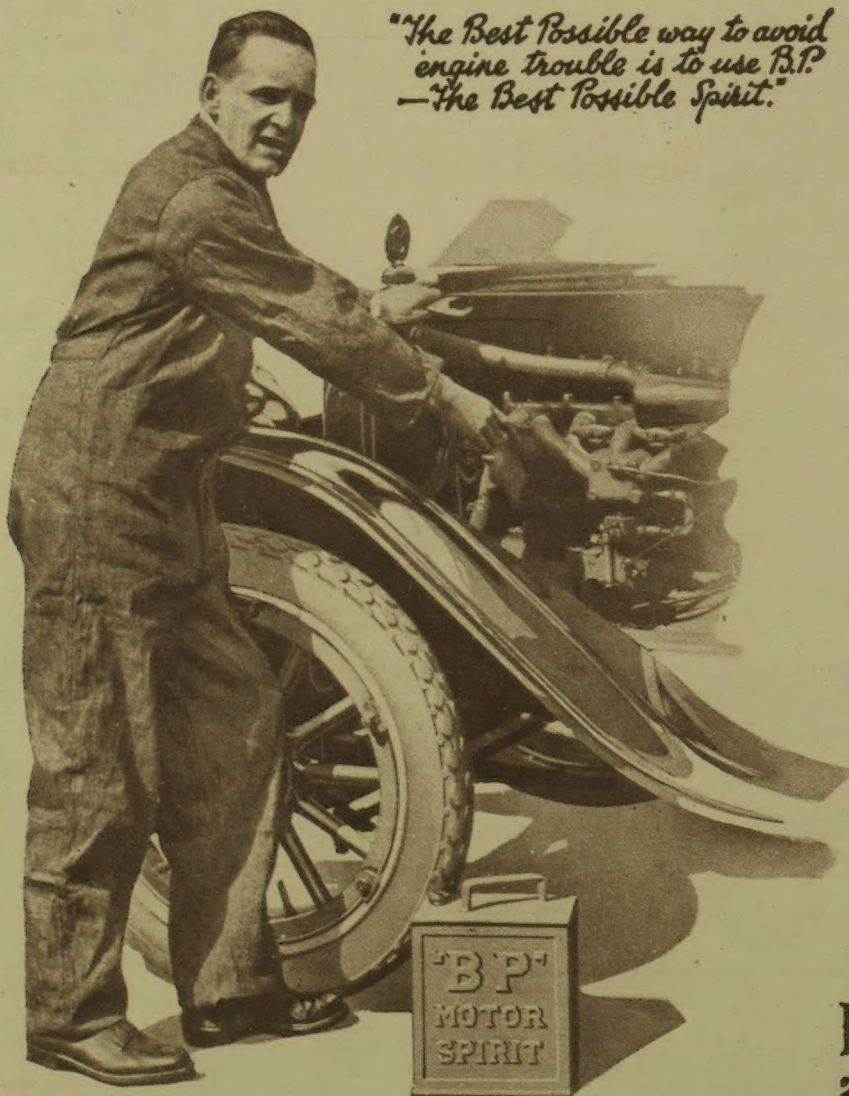
A Unique Car. Manchuria has ever been a turbulent territory, and the world's present state of unrest has not made it any better. The Governor-General, T'sau T'so Lin, is evidently determined to take no avoidable chances, and to that end he has had a car built for him by the Packard Company which is certainly the last word in luxury and in defensive and offensive capabilities. To look at the illustration of this car, one would never imagine it to be anything but a very handsome limousine;

but below the beautiful exterior it possesses hidden teeth which should be able to bite to some purpose should occasion arise. The chassis is the standard Packard "twin-six," with reinforced springs and Westinghouse shock-absorbers. The body is quite bullet-proof, for it has an inner lining of nickel chrome steel. A sheet of the same material can quickly be raised to protect the front glass partitions between driver and passengers. This, however, does not exhaust the defensive part of this wonderful machine. In the roof there lie, snugly hidden, armour-plate screens which are manipulated by levers ordinarily carried in side-pockets, but which are easily attached to gears set in the roof. The offensive equipment is not less complete. Underneath the rear windows on either side are two loop-holes which can be instantly opened from the interior; the corner lights and the rear glass panel all can be utilised for rifle fire. If need be, half-a-dozen riflemen may be carried, three on each running-board. Broad leather waist-belts are provided for these men, with eye-bolts on which these may be clipped by snap fasteners, leaving the arms free for rifle or other means of attack, ensuring that they will not fall off their platform; also there are hand-grips attached to the upper part of the body, on the roof ridge, providing further safety for these members of the "crew." But probably the most effective part of the armament consists of a Colt machine-gun which lies hidden under the driving seat, but can speedily be attached to a turntable permanently fixed on the dashboard, and can be folded backward out of the way when not in use. The extra weight which the chassis is called on to bear may be judged from the fact that each of the rear window-shields weighs seventy-five pounds. When all the warlike paraphernalia is out of sight, this vehicle appears the very last word in luxurious elegance. Its door-panels on the inside are beautiful examples of marqueterie; the upholstery, of purple and gold mohair, is exceedingly rich and a dream of comfort.

[Continued overleaf.]



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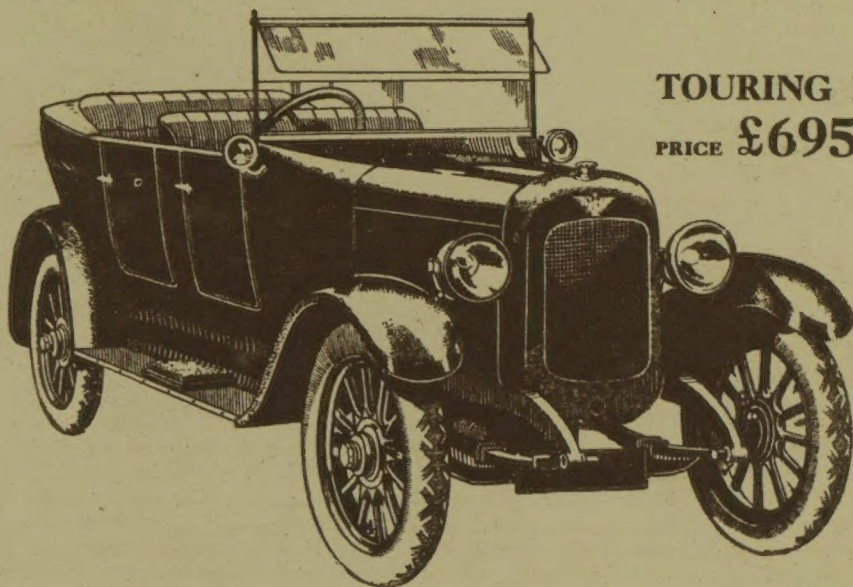
1st (speed).

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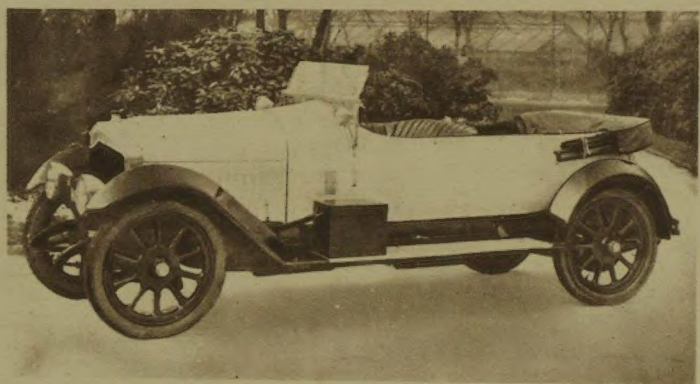
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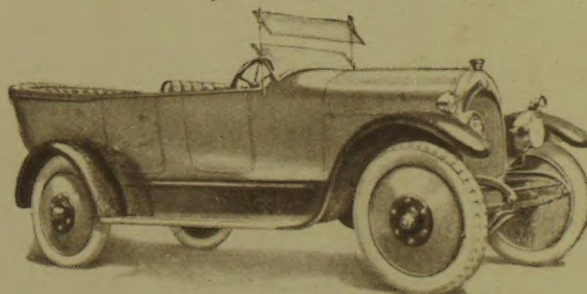
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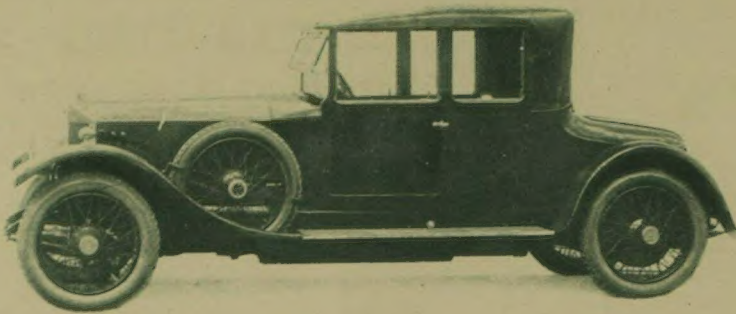
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(Continued.)

A Nice Point. It has always been understood that anything in the shape of swivelling headlights was illegal, but the *Motor* raises quite a nice legal point in this connection. It is pointed out that the law requires that the lamps carried on the car shall be so constructed and placed as to exhibit "a white light visible within a reasonable distance in the direction towards which the motor-car is proceeding or is intended to proceed." The fixed lamps universally used do not literally conform to the requirements of the order, and it would seem that to be legally correct the lamps should move with the steering, so that they can exhibit their light in the direction in which the car "is proceeding or is intended to proceed." I suppose that if the Ministry of Transport were asked to give a ruling on the question, the reply would be that the Order can only be correctly interpreted by the Courts!

W. W.

toque with some pink roses in it. A Malmaison carnation was tucked in at the waist, and her Majesty wore a rope of pearls knotted at the neck and falling to the waist. Princess Christian and Princess Helena Victoria arrived later. Princess Alice, in white, wore



RECENTLY SUPPLIED TO PRINCE AXEL OF DENMARK: A FOUR-SEATER SIZAIRE-BERWICK COUPÉ.

The Ranelagh Special Day for the Lord Roberts Memorial Workshops proved a great success (writes "A. E. L."). The Prince of Wales arrived with Queen Alexandra, to whom his attentive manner was just perfect. Princess Alice and the Earl of Athlone were early on the scene. Queen Alexandra, in black, wore a moonlight jetted, embroidered coat and a

a deep-yellow satin cloak and a white-and-black hat. It is sad to think that over eighty disabled men are awaiting employment at the Workshops. Yet that is what Lady Wilson, wife of the Field Marshal and Chief of Staff, told me the other day is the fact. They cannot be taken on for lack of funds. I hope much that Special Day at Ranelagh rectified that.

THE FOURTH GRAND GUIGNOL SERIES.

It is rather late in the day, surely, to complain that the manager of the Little Theatre "on horror's head horrors accumulates"; for the avowed aim of the English Grand Guignol (as of its French original) is to administer a violent shock not so much to the emotions as to the nerves. Wherefore, as we endured Mr. Maltby's story of the faceless ex-soldier in the third series of shockers, so we boldly confronted "The Old Women" of the fourth series, who in M. André Lorde's two-act drama of a lunatic asylum, blind a young girl who has recovered her sanity by thrusting a needle through her eyes. Of the acting suffice it to say that Miss Sybil Thorndike was poignantly moving as the blinded girl, and that Miss Athene Seyler, striking out a new line, was horribly sinister as one of the murderous mad-women. The best of the other four plays presented is "The Vigil," the story of a woman who, waking from a seven-years' trance, during all which time she has been devotedly watched over by her husband, finds him old and ruined, herself wrinkled and plain, and her children dead. Mr. George Bealby and Miss Thorndike were excellent as the husband and wife. One of the new comedies, Mr. Crawshaw-Williams' "Rounding the Triangle," also deserves mention.



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